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Volume CCXLII No. 3145

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 10, 1960

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With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

STEEL HELMET IN CONGO

A volunteer for the secessionist forces of Kasai Province gives the V-sign. The letter V is also painted on his helmet, to which is fixed a picture of Mr. Kalonji, the leader of the Kasai separatists. How far such gestures were bringing success was very problematic at the start of this week. Reports stated that troops of Mr. Lumumba, the Central Government Prime Minister, had entered Kasai and were massacring the inhabitants. The Centralists came from the Lulua tribe, who have a long-standing tradition of warfare with the Balubas of Kasai. There was no definite news about the position of the other Congolese separatists, led by Mr. Tshombe, of Katanga province. In United Nations circles fears of Russian intervention in support of Mr. Lumumba were increasing. Soviet transport aircraft and lorries had arrived in Leopoldville. They had not been sent through the authorised U.N. channels but as result, apparently, of bilateral agreement. In contrast, Britain and other Western countries despatching aid to Congo were following U.N. rules. (Further pictures from Congo on page 373)

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A DUKW amphibious transport takes tenants to St. Michael's Mount off the Cornish coast. Lord St. Levan sent the transport and boats to the mainland to bring tenants and guests for the celebrations of the 300 years of ownership by the St. Aubyn family of St. Michael's Mount. Other people made their way to the island by the famous causeway which is revealed at low tide. During the Civil War, the Mount was held for the King by Sir Francis Basset, but surrendered after a gallant defence and the island passed into the hands of the St. Aubyns, whose family seat it still is. There are a number of remains of ecclesiastical and military buildings on the 230 ft.-high, craggy rock which are architecturally of great importance

THREE HUNDRED YEARS' OWNERSHIP OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, OFF THE CORNISH COAST

At the annual convention of the American Bar Association in Washington, from left are Lord Kilmuir, Britain's Lord Chancellor, Mr. J. D. Randall, president of the American Association, and President Eisenhower. A large party of British judges, barristers and solicitors, with their wives and families, were invited to the Convention, in return for the U.S. lawyers' visit to London three years ago

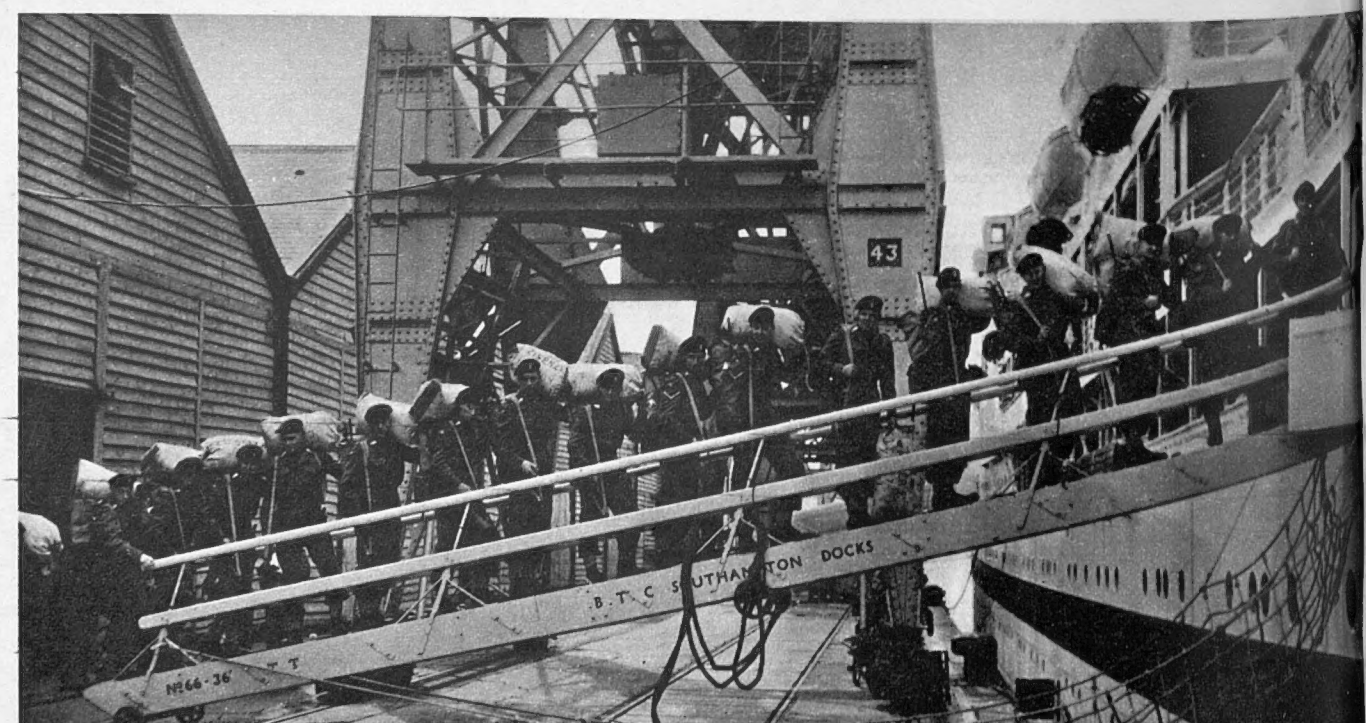
BRITISH LAWYERS IN THE U.S.

Far right: In Jacksonville, Florida, police search a Negro after taking a rifle from him. During a period of violence in the town, a number of people were injured in riots between Whites and Negroes after Negro "sit-in" demonstrations at lunch counters. In various other Southern States the problem of racial segregation was again to the fore with the opening of the new school year

RACIAL VIOLENCE IN FLORIDA

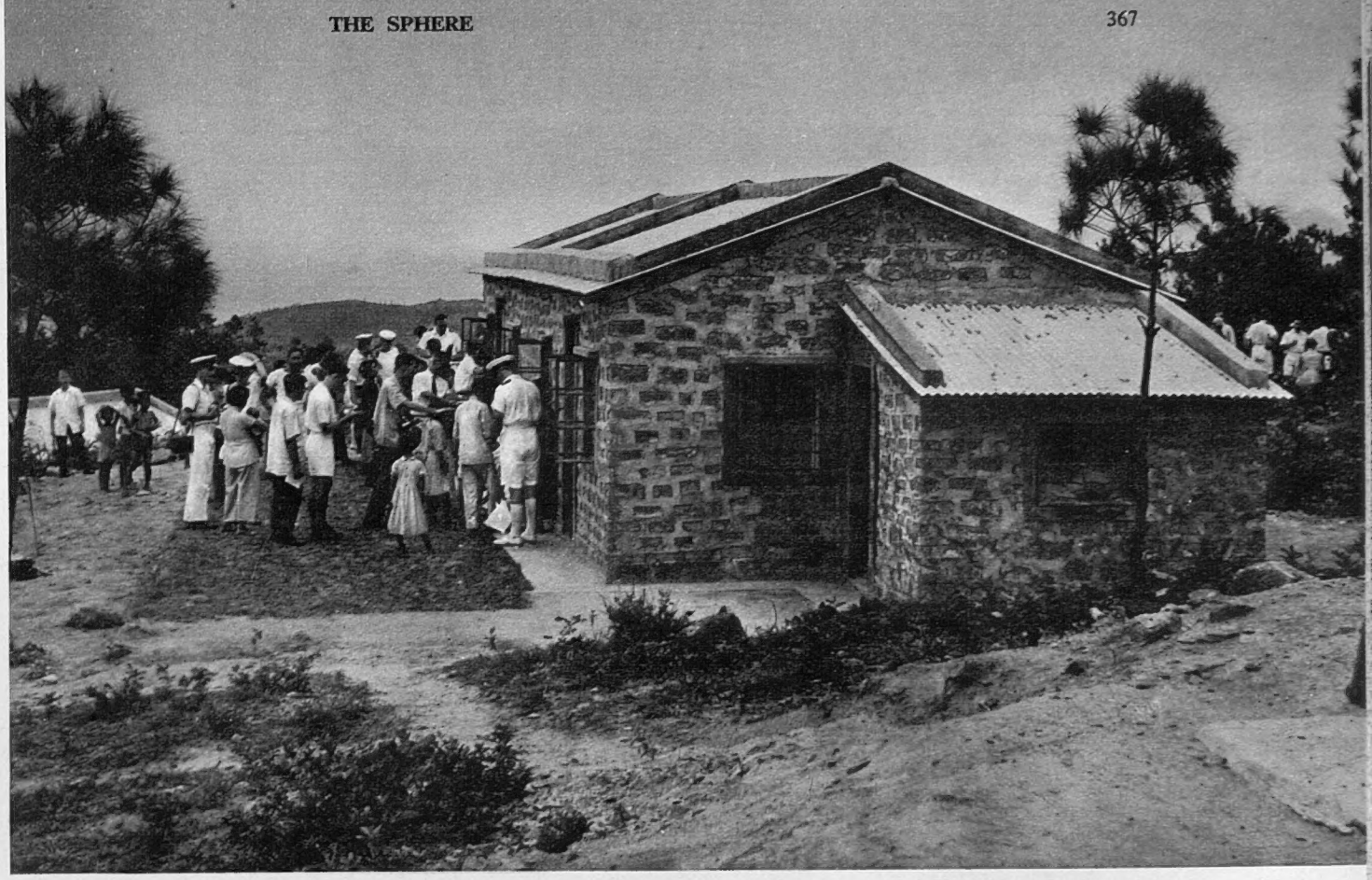
TROOPS FOR WEST AFRICA

Men of the 1st Battalion, the King's Own Royal Border Regiment go up the gangway to board H.M. troopship *Devonshire* at Southampton. They were to sail to the British Cameroons. No British line regiment has ever served there before. The British Cameroons are a United Nations Trust Territory lying between Nigeria and the Cameroun Republic, formerly the French Cameroons, which achieved its independence earlier this year. Next February a plebiscite is to be held in the British Cameroons and the inhabitants will decide whether they wish to join Nigeria or Cameroun. The King's Own Royal Border Regiment will be withdrawn after the plebiscite



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Members of the ship's company of the frigate H.M.S. *Torquay* stand by the homes they have provided for two Chinese refugee families at Sai Wung in the New Territories of Hong Kong. The nine officers and 180 ratings of *Torquay* collected £320 by deductions from their pay and by other means to assist the refugees in the Colony. They decided to contribute the money to a scheme promoted by the World Lutheran Federation for building an estate of cottages and allotments in Sai Wung. The frigate's gift consists of a furnished double cottage on a smallholding, complete with a stocked pigsty and other livestock. The homes were formally handed over to their inhabitants last month by Commander B. H. G. M. Baynham, R.N., Captain of H.M.S. *Torquay*



A GIFT FROM THE ROYAL NAVY TO REFUGEES IN HONG KONG

Sir Hisamuddin Alam Shah, the Yang di Pertuan Agong or Head of State of the Federation of Malaya, died in Kuala Lumpur on September 1. Aged sixty-two, he had been ill for nearly four weeks. During this period the duties of the Paramount Ruler were discharged by the Deputy Head of State, the Raja of Perlis. Sir Hisamuddin was Sultan of Selangor and was elected Malayan Head of State by his fellow rulers last April

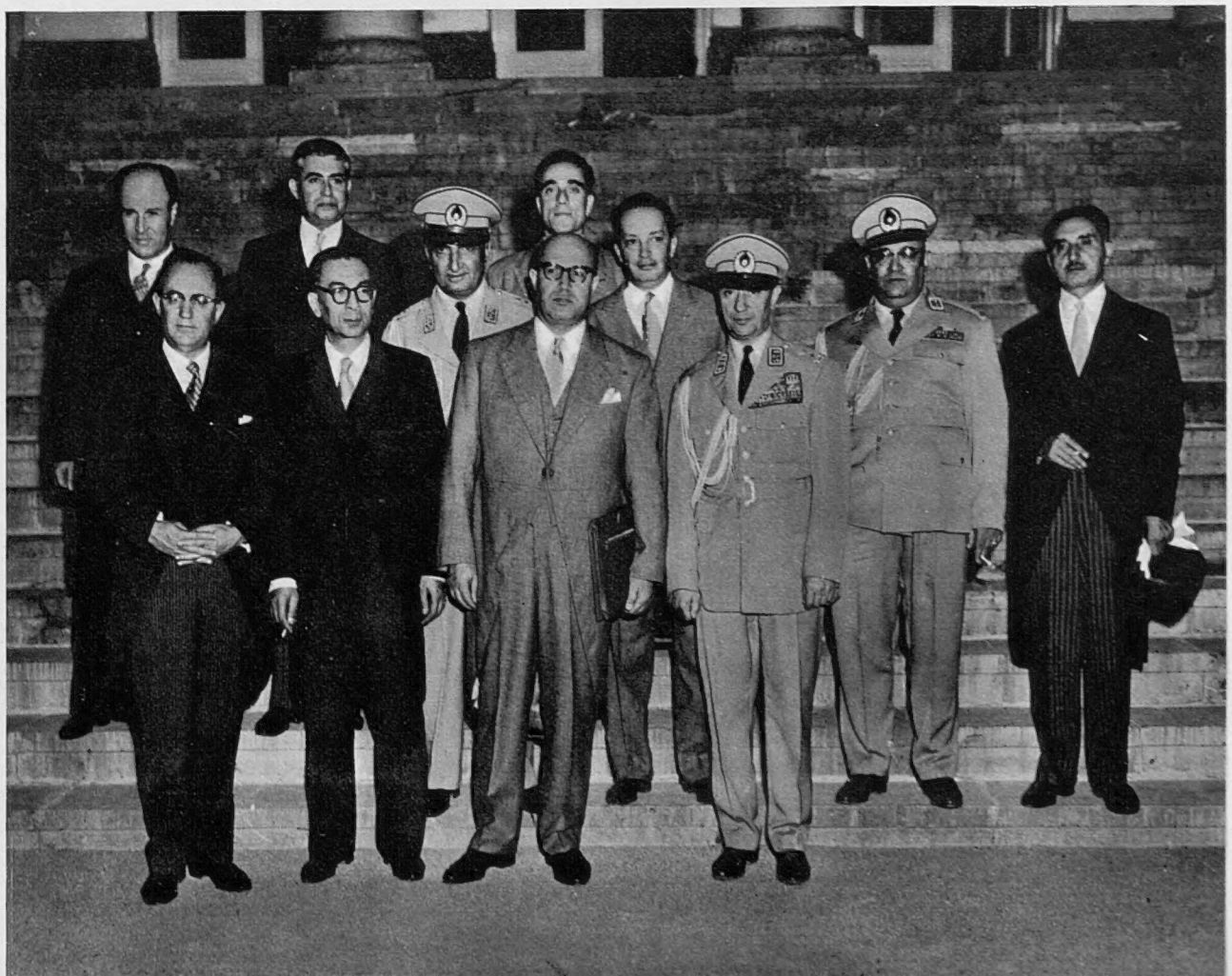
THE LATE RULER OF MALAYA AND HIS DEPUTY

Far right: Among the celebrations for the fifteenth anniversary of the Independence of Indonesia in Jakarta was a procession of men and women from various regions of the country wearing their traditional dress

INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY IN JAKARTA

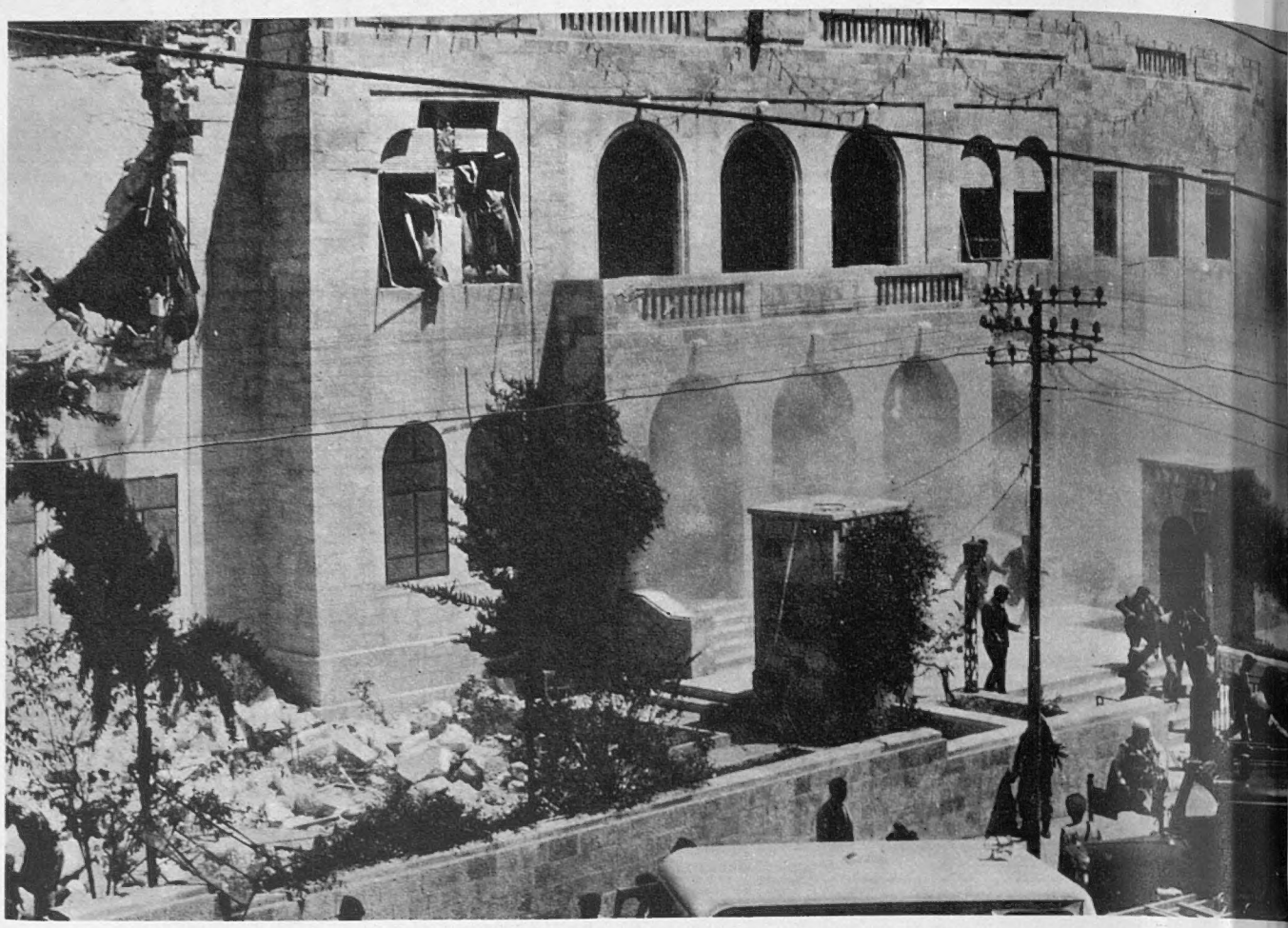
PERSIA'S NEW GOVERNMENT

Outside the palace of the Shah in Teheran are in front row, from the left: Dr. Jahanshah Saleh, Minister of Health; Dr. Sajjadi, Deputy Prime Minister; Jafar Sharif Emami, Prime Minister; and General Moghadam, Minister of the Interior. Middle row, from left: General Ahmad Vosogh, Minister of War; Khosrow Hedayat, Deputy Prime Minister in charge of Organisation and Development Plan; General Zargam, Minister of Finance, and Dr. Ettebar, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. In the back row, Razi Visjkai, Minister of Customs and Monopolies, is on the left, and Dr. Bahrami, Minister of Labour, is next to him. Several Ministers held office in the government of Dr. Eqbal, who resigned last month. The change of Cabinet took place after the recent elections in Persia which the Shah last week announced he had decided to annul because there had been irregularities in the voting. Experts are now considering changes in the electoral law so that new elections can be held in a few months



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

After the two time bombs exploded in the white building in Amman which houses the Prime Minister's office and the Foreign Ministry, killing the Prime Minister, Hazza Majali, King Hussein accused responsible people in the United Arab Republic, mainly in Syria, of being the instigators. It was believed that the explosions were aimed also at King Hussein and the Foreign Minister, Musa Nasser. Virulent attacks on Jordan from the U.A.R. by radio continued. Signor Spinelli, the United Nations' representative, stood by with a watching brief, while the investigating commission concluded its report. The Jordanian Government sent a memorandum to the U.A.R. requesting the extradition from Syria of two young Government messengers accused of planting the bombs. It was not known at the beginning of this week whether King Hussein was intending formally to accuse the U.A.R. in the Arab League or in the U.N. (John Connell writes on Jordan on page 372)



THE DEVASTATED BUILDING IN AMMAN WHERE THE JORDANIAN PRIME MINISTER WAS ASSASSINATED

At the Presidential Palace, formerly Government House, in Nicosia, from left to right at the first meeting of the Cyprus Cabinet are Dr. Plumer, Minister of Agriculture; Dr. Kutchuk, the Vice-President; Archbishop Makarios; Mr. Arouzos, Minister of Commerce and Industry; Dr. Theocharous, Minister of Finance; and Mr. Andreas Papadopoulos, Minister of Transport. On the right-hand side of the table, the Minister nearest the camera is Mr. Yorgadjis, responsible for the Interior, and farthest away is Mr. Osman Orek, Minister of Defence. Also present at the Cabinet meeting were Mrs. Souliotou, Minister of Justice; Dr. Maniera, Minister of Health; Mr. Tassos Papadopoulos, Minister of Labour; and Mr. Kypriano, the Foreign Minister. Last week, the Soviet Ambassador to Greece visited Cyprus for talks with Mr. Kypriano

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CABINET OF CYPRUS

POLESDEN LACEY SEVERELY DAMAGED

As firemen fight the flames in the roof of Polesden Lacey, the National Trust mansion, near Dorking, in Surrey, helpers guard the art treasures rescued from the house and protected from the drizzle by tarpaulins. Tenants, estate workers and visitors helped to carry sixty pictures, the fine antique furniture and the tapestries to safety, as seventy-five firemen struggled for three hours to bring the blaze under control. One hose, used to bring water, was a mile long. The mansion, replacing earlier structures on the site, was built in 1824 and was left to the National Trust in 1942 by Mrs. Ronald Greville as a memorial to her father, William McEwan. George VI and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother spent part of their honeymoon at Polesden Lacey in 1923

NEWS SUMMARY

Science and the threat of world starvation; dangers in Berlin; an important international trade conference; new moves by Castro; trouble and hope in Africa

INTERNATIONAL

The British Association for the Advancement of Science at its conference in **Cardiff** was due to discuss last Monday the problems of world population and food supplies. At present the human race totals 2,900,000,000 (see this page last week). By the end of the century the number should be doubled. The scientists' concern is whether enough food can be provided for all or whether in forty years' time there will be wide areas suffering from starvation.

Political eyes were fixed on the more immediate future. As was expected, Mr. Khrushchev had announced his intention of leading the Soviet delegation to the disarmament debate in the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 20. Leaders of the Soviet's European satellites quickly declared that they too would be present in **New York.** From the Western side it was generally expected that President Eisenhower, to mark his last months of office, would make a personal appearance at some time during the Assembly's autumn session. This might offset the propaganda which Moscow would certainly attempt to make from Mr. Khrushchev's presence. Speaking at **Oxford,** Mr. Gaitskell thought it might be sensible for Mr. Macmillan to go to New York, if Mr. Khrushchev desired to meet other heads of government. British Government circles were non-committal about the Prime Minister's intentions.

A crisis blew up over **Berlin** last week. For five days the East German authorities imposed restrictions on the movement of West Germans to and within Berlin because rallies of exiles and refugees from the "Eastern Territories" were being held in the Western sectors of the city. The Eastern Territories are the areas, such as the Sudeten lands in Czechoslovakia, which were taken from Germany after the war. They are now under Russian-controlled Communist Governments. There were no serious incidents in Berlin and after the five days the East Germans lifted the ban. Meanwhile the British, French and American Ambassadors in Bonn had issued a statement claiming that they alone had the right to decide who should travel by the air corridor to Berlin. But it also seemed evident that the Western Allies were anxious to discourage the West Germans from taking any action which might be regarded as provocative to the East Germans. Last week's events were a reminder of the grave dangers which can always arise from the present divisions in the former German capital.

In **Geneva** the GATT conference opened on September 1 and is expected to last until June next year. GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) was established twelve years ago. Its purpose is to promote economic co-operation throughout the world by means of trade. Individual members making trade agreements among themselves are bound by the rules of GATT. There are now 37 full members, three provisional members and four participate under special arrangements. Matters for discussion will include the situation created by the formation of the Common Market and the European Free Trade Association and economic assistance to the under-developed countries which make up about 50 per cent. of the membership.

GREAT BRITAIN

In **Douglas,** Isle of Man, the 92nd Trades Union Congress opened. Before it started, the delegation of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, led by Mr. W. J. Carron, produced a remarkable solution to the problem of the Trades Union Congress's defence policy. It was decided that at the debate, due last Wednesday, the union would cast its 900,000 votes for two contradictory motions: (1) the official Labour T.U.C. policy which is pro-nuclear deterrent, and pro-Nato; and (2) the Transport and General Workers' Union motion, which is unilateral, anti-nuclear deterrent, and anti-missile bases in Britain. The A.E.U. is the second largest union in the Congress; it was calculated that with its support both motions would be passed. But it seemed likely that unless new moves were initiated, this state of affairs would be altered at the Labour Party's Annual Conference next month. For this the A.E.U. has submitted a motion demanding "the unilateral renunciation of the testing, manufacture, stockpiling, and basing of all nuclear weapons in Great Britain."

On his arrival by train in Helsinki for his two-day visit Mr. Khrushchev walks along the platform with President Kekkonen of Finland (on left). A statement issued at the end of the Soviet Prime Minister's stay indicated that Russia would not object if Finland wished to join the European Free Trade Area (EFTA). The current Finnish-Russian trade agreements would not be affected

Besides defence, the Labour Party's policy on nationalisation was also under review at the Congress. A motion was put down reaffirming the Congress's belief in "common ownership and democratic control of those sections of industry vital to the wellbeing of the country." It called for the extension of the principle on a progressive and selective basis.

The Liberal Party renewed its campaign claiming that the Liberals should take the place of Labour as leaders of a radical movement in opposition to the Conservatives. Of the eight by-elections due in the near future, the Liberals are to fight six, and possibly one more, Ebbw Vale. Their greatest hope is in Bolton East. As a result of a pact with the Conservatives, the Liberals have not contested this constituency in return for Conservative non-intervention in Bolton West. But this was ended last month and Mr. Frank Byers, chairman of the Liberals' standing committee, was chosen to contest the seat.

CUBA

In **Havana,** the capital of Cuba, Premier Castro continued his policy of government by public meeting. Before 300,000 people in the main square, he announced recognition of Communist China, broke off diplomatic relations with Nationalist China, denounced the mutual defence treaty with the U.S. (signed in 1952), and expressed acceptance of Russia's offer to defend Cuba with atomic missiles. He tore up a copy of the mutual defence treaty, and then a copy of the Declaration of San José. This was the motion passed a week before by the Foreign Ministers of the Organisation of American States, condemning any Communist interference in Latin America.

Cuba's recognition of Peking was expected since the island recently concluded an agreement with Communist China to send 500,000 tons of sugar in the next five years. Cuba also became the first Latin American nation to denounce the mutual defence pact with the U.S.

Reaction in Latin America to Dr. Castro's moves was mixed. Except for Cuba, other Latin American countries have signed a number of inter-American agreements guaranteeing mutual defence in the event of Communist aggression. In Washington, it was hoped that Dr. Castro's actions would bring support from Latin America for U.S. policies at the conference at **Bogota,** Colombia, this week, on social and economic development in Latin America.

FAR EAST

There were a number of developments concerning Communist China. In **Tokyo,** Mr. Ikeda's new Government indicated that it would welcome a resumption of trade with Communist China, halted since 1958. This was reported to be the result of feelers put out from **Peking.**

Following the bitter doctrinaire argument between Mr. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung, over the possibility of peaceful co-existence, it has been noted with interest in **London** that the treaty signed recently between China and Afghanistan contains the following remarkable pledge: that both countries agree to support the principles of the United Nations Charter. (Communist China is not a member of U.N.).

In **Hanoi,** the capital of North Vietnam, the Communist Government, led by the Prime Minister, Pham Van Dong, came out on the side of Russia in the Sino-Soviet dispute. In a speech at celebrations marking the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Pham Van Dong said that the Socialist camp, led by the Soviet Union, could, among other things, curb imperialists and preserve peace. (Mao Tse-tung has argued that since imperialism is aggressive by nature, war is inevitable.)

AFRICA

The attitude of the new Republic of Somalia (which became independent in July) towards Ethiopia has been criticised in the Press in **Addis Ababa.** Somali tribesmen are accused of violating the frontier. Ethiopia, it is pointed out, wishes to improve relations with Somalia but the Somalis show no signs of reciprocating this feeling. One newspaper has asked whether there is not "some hidden foreign hand" behind Somalia.

In **Dar-es-Salaam,** Mr. Julius Nyerere, was sworn in as Chief Minister of Tanganyika's first representative Government. In a broadcast immediately afterwards he said he had received genuine co-operation from the British Government. He hoped Tanganyika would achieve complete independence within the Commonwealth next year.

The 100-metres final: Hary (Germany), the winner; Radford (Britain), third; Figuerola; Norton; Budd; and Sime (U.S.), second

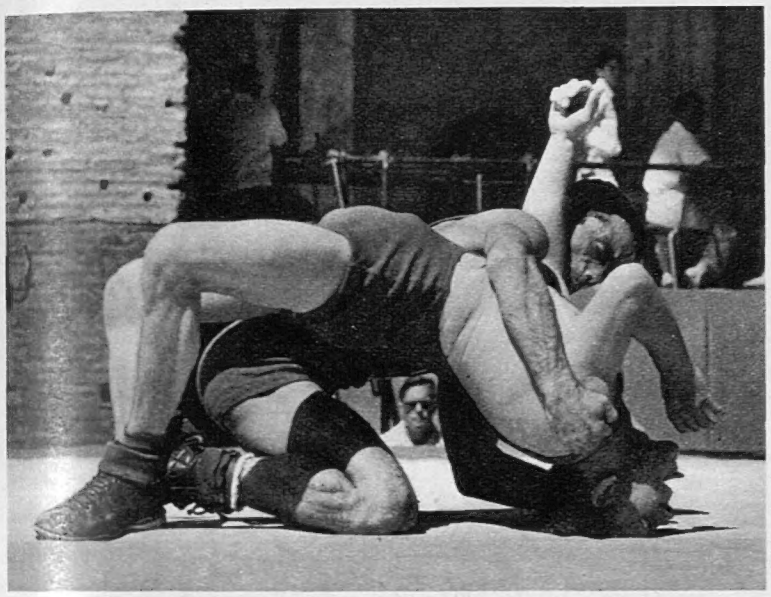
THE OLYMPICS

By last weekend there had been enough surprises in the Games in Rome, especially in the athletics, to make any forecaster chary. A number of world and Olympic records were beaten, showing that the standards in athletics, swimming and rowing grows appreciably higher every year. So fierce has been the competition that there have been a number of disputes over decisions. There were some notable British successes, including Peter Radford's third place in the 100 metres, the first sprint medal for Britain since 1924. As was expected, athletes from Russia and the United States, engaged in fierce rivalry, were dominating the Games. But they were by no means having it all their own way.

In the final of the 80-metres hurdles, Irina Press of the U.S.S.R. (right), wins from Carole Quinton of Great Britain (left)

In the Bay of Naples. One of the races for the 5.5-metre class, in which the British yacht *Yeoman VII* has been taking part

On his way to third place in the highboard diving—sixteen-year-old Brian Phelps



An Italian and a Belgian flyweight in an elimination bout of the wrestling

V. Krepkina, of Russia, breaks the world record in winning the long jump

The start of a heat for the women's 4 by 100-metres medley relay

JOHN CONNELL

JORDAN: THE AFTERMATH OF MURDER

The sound of explosions over Jordan is to me grimly familiar and menacing. I may be wrong—I sincerely hope that I am—but I have a disquieting suspicion that the time-bombs which killed Hazza Majali, the Jordanian Prime Minister, and with him a number of less eminent persons, on August 29, are likely to be the noisy, brutal prelude to a new period of tension in the Middle East. The curious calm which prevailed for a year or more in that ordinarily turbulent region has been abruptly broken. The persistently unfortunate, persistently gallant young King Hussein has been deprived of one more staunch and able servant—it often seems to me that the Hashemite dynasty has something of the fatal quality of the House of Stewart—and it is highly probable that his own life is once more in grave and immediate danger.

The motives for the crime are many and complicated. Few who know anything about the Middle East would deny that it was prompted, even if only indirectly, by incessant and venomous hostility of Jordan's neighbours, Iraq and the United Arab Republic. Majali himself has been a marked man ever since he took office in succession to an older man, hardly less efficient and courageous, Samir Rifai. He was an offspring of a semi-nomadic tribe, whose grazing territory lies in the south-west of Jordan, and whose "capital" is Kerak, an ancient, beautiful and impressive Crusader fortress. Educated and trained as a lawyer, he yet retained his tribal loyalties (the chief of his clan, who was paying on his young kinsman one of those courtesy calls which are so large a part of life in Amman, was killed in the explosion); and he was therefore an obvious and special target for the detestation of the rootless, urban, intellectual politicians—Egyptians, Syrians and ex-Palestinians—who, for many years, have been doing their best to destroy his country.

King Hussein, wearing a black armband, follows the coffin of the murdered Hazza Majali

There was an earlier unsuccessful attempt, in March of this year, to kill him, after which he said in a broadcast: "The murder of a person or his disappearance from the political stage will never weaken this country's determination to protect and safeguard its existence nor discourage it from carrying out the mission of the great Arab revolution and from standing up to its enemies. Such things would rather foster its resolve and strength. We have many loyal persons who can easily carry out this country's mission and steer the ship to the best advantage, thus frustrating the ambitions of the enemies of Arabism and the covetous ones."

In an outstandingly sympathetic and chivalrous obituary *The Times*, describing these words as "a brave epitaph for a courageous man," expressed the hope that they would prove to be true, although Hazza Majali's murder "inevitably threatens the stability he worked hard and successfully to achieve."

That stability, of course, was anathema to his enemies. According to Cairo Radio he and his Ministers were "imperialist agents and traitors," and their steadfast opposition to the evil proposals to set up "a Palestine entity" and to recruit a "Palestine liberation army" from amongst the still unsettled thousands of ex-Palestinian refugees has been perpetually under the most violent propaganda attack by the United Arab Republic. But Jordan, by her very existence as an independent, sovereign State, is a challenge to the pretensions of Colonel Nasser and his junta in Cairo—in many ways no less exasperating than Israel. Israel, both in her own right and as "the tool of Western imperialism," is still, and is bound to remain for many years, the U.A.R.'s principal enemy—and one which inspires almost as much fear as hatred. The fact, however, that Jordan is there, baulking the path to the physical unification of the U.A.R.'s two components, Egypt and Syria, is a constant, blatant reminder that Nasser's empire is both incomplete and ramshackle.

The bastion of Jordan's independence is without doubt the King himself. This remarkable young man is the outstanding Arab leader of our time. He embodies almost every human quality that his principal rivals—the two shoddy, vulgar, ill-bred, chip-on-the-shoulder demagogues, Nasser and Kassem—have shown themselves incapable of possessing: integrity, the highest degree of personal courage, patriotism, and the capacity to learn the right lessons from disagreeable experience. Alas, however, he is a surprising, though noble, anachronism; they are corrupt and are much more representative of their peoples' present outlook and aspirations. The inevitable immediate and hysterical gloating in both Cairo and Bagdad was obvious evidence of complete sympathy with, if not complicity in, the outrage. It may or may not be true that the bombs were aimed at the King and the whole Cabinet; if so, the postponement of a Cabinet meeting put the whole plan out of gear, and saved the lives of the King and a number of his Ministers.

The danger of a *coup d'état* was thereby averted. The Government acted promptly and resolutely. Bahjat Talhouni, who has been *chef de Cabinet* to the King for several years and is reputed to be as trusted and as loyal as Majali, was at once appointed Prime Minister, heading a Cabinet little changed from its predecessor. The King and all his Ministers went to the victims' funeral; and the King received, as he always does each time he surmounts a crisis and defeats a challenge, a tremendous ovation from the ordinary people of Amman and the surrounding countryside.

Despite their cheering, and despite the very real admiration and affection which he inspires, the danger to the King's person and policies has certainly not diminished, but rather sharpened. If the murders were intended as a prelude to a revolution which did not come off, its instigators will probably lie low for a time. Nine years ago, when (as I vividly remember) King Abdullah was murdered on his way to prayers in the El Aksa mosque in Jerusalem, there were no immediate political repercussions inside Jordan. The machinery of government in Jordan is a great deal more soundly based, and a good deal more capable of withstanding both shock-assault and slow siege, than it is in any other Arab country. This is an encouraging fact, the lesson of which—to their own cost, as well as to Jordan's—the Egyptians, the Syrians and the Iraqis refuse to learn. To a remarkable extent the work of King Abdullah, and of men like Alec Kirkbride and (in an earlier avatar) Hugh Foot, still stands. Jordan, like Pakistan, has her own moral debt to and inheritance from the British, who served and loved her people.

There is, however, an element of pro-Arab opinion and sentiment in Britain, which, whenever one of Jordan's Arab enemies makes some particularly ruthless and callous assault on her freedom and sovereignty, immediately raises the cry "'Ware Israel!" I was saddened to see, on the day after the murders, that even *The Times*—in an unfortunate lapse from the usually sensible tone it adopts nowadays over Arab-Israel relations—saw fit to utter a pompous warning to Israel of the "catastrophic consequences" of any move on her part.

Israeli leaders have long made it clear that, since Sinai, they have reached some kind of *modus vivendi* with Jordan (however unacknowledged, for tactical reasons, it has been on Jordan's side). It may not be ideally comfortable; it is at least tolerable. What Israel will not tolerate—and Mrs. Meir, when I last saw her, said so with emphasis—is the swallowing-up of Jordan by the U.A.R., and the consequent appearance of Egyptian soldiers on the ramparts of the Old City of Jerusalem and elsewhere on her borders. Several Western nations, including Britain, are moving by gingerly steps into some kind of relationship with Nasser. The long paralysis that has afflicted us in the Middle East shows signs of being lifted. Our returning representatives have two urgent tasks: the obvious duty—carried out well enough in 1958—of sustaining King Hussein to the full; and the other, just as important, of warning Nasser against any rash, provocative steps. Israel needs no warning, she knows her own purpose and her own strength.

Delegates from thirteen nations at the Pan-African Conference in the Palace of Culture in Leopoldville

VIOLENCE AND MODERATION

Mr. Lumumba summoned the Pan-African Conference to Leopoldville at the end of last month with a view to gaining support for his opposition to Mr. Hammarskjold and the United Nations. However, the delegates from thirteen nations, having seen the true state of affairs in the Congolese capital, called a very different tune. The proceedings opened in the Palace of Culture with police clashing with riotous anti-Lumumba demonstrators outside. As the prevailing confusion and disorder became still more apparent, moderate African opinion quickly took control of the meetings. Most of Mr. Lumumba's propositions were firmly rejected and motions were passed praising the work of the United Nations. Further, the Conference agreed that African assistance to Congo should be harmonised with all other aid and stressed the need for Congolese co-operation with the U.N.

A demonstration in the Congo capital against Mr. Lumumba during the opening of the Conference

Kilted clansmen toast Mr. Donald Erskine, of Invereman House, Strathdon, in Aberdeenshire. The clansmen were marching round the parish during the annual Gathering. At another Highland Gathering last week, the Cowal Gathering in Dunoon, history was made when for the first time an overseas competitor won the adult world Highland dancing championship. She is Miss Flora Grubb, from Newcastle, New South Wales

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

NO VICTIMISATION. "Having it both ways" has long been accepted as their right by wild-cat and unofficial strikers, and there is no more ludicrous demand or concession than "no victimisation" for those who have recklessly victimised their loyal and sane fellow-workers, their employers, their unions, the public and their own means of livelihood. The Shipping Federation and the Employers Association in Liverpool, the hard-core area of the seamen's strike, recently issued some "brave words," a tardy stroke for law and order and the sanctity of legal contracts. God send that their brave words will be implemented. Certainly not all the strikers should be taken back. Many of them have proved unfit for a vital and very responsible job. The Merchant Navy can never be organised, in the way of industrial relations, as can factories based on land. The notion of Soviets and shop stewards established on board ship cuts at the supreme and vital authority of the captain on whom the safety of the ship, and all that is in her, must for ever depend; and out at sea a small defection among the crew could bring a ship to a standstill. The abolition of the Merchants' Shipping Act of 1894 would bring our Merchant Marine, on which our national survival depends, first into absurdity and soon into liquidation. There have always been sea-lawyers aboard ship since ships sailed the seas. The idea of semi-organised blocs of sea-lawyers would result in the refusal of ships' officers to sail. There have, on the other hand, usually been in Britain adequate and fine recruits for the Merchant Navy, and those in the service who have proved themselves unfit and unworthy must find a job ashore. Their saner fellows, who know the risks and dangers of the sea, will not miss them. That sailormen have their grievances, no one would deny; that they can overcome them with patience and by constitutional machinery is as true of the sea as it is of the land. Such machinery for ever needs improvement and adjustment on both sides. Throwing spanners in the works is the remedy of idiots. The time has come (and almost gone) for employers and trade unions to show by firm action that they mean to regain authority and restore the rule of law and order.

HERO, VICTIM OR MORON? Patrick Neary is no doubt a hero among the seamen he has misled. So much so that probably hundreds of orderly people "doubt the wisdom" of sending him to jug, fearing that that tardy act of justice must still more acerbate the strikers. It has and it will. To the bulk of the nation, I hope and believe, the idea that a High Court Judge should interpret the law of the land on a basis of "expediency" is revolting and ridiculous. The law of the land is for rich and poor, and the increasing disrespect for Law and Order all the world over has in recent months shockingly impressed itself on good easy men. Contempt of Court Orders is usually swiftly punished and always without respect of person, and Neary had an unusually long rope before his defiance was punished. Nobody can doubt to-day that the loss of authority in the unions has not only greatly encouraged wild-cat strikes, but is due to fixed ideas, fifty years old and out of date, that the "worker" is victim of hard-hearted bosses and slave-drivers, and that in consequence a solemn contract of employment must be honoured by the employers but may be evaded by the employed, if that breach may lead to the latter's advantage. What more fruitful encouragement could be offered to wild-cat strikers? Let it be conceded that the bulk of even wild-cat strikes have their origin in some grievance, even if that grievance be no more than the jealousy of the labourers in the vineyard. The machinery for conciliation and adjustment by constitutional means has been constantly improved for half a century and has had little better results for peace in industry than when that machinery was a blue print. Patrick Neary and many other misguided men are not heroes. Certainly they are victims, but not of employers or of their own T.U. bosses; they are victims of their own hubris and stupidity.

THE GAME AND THE PRIZE. No doubt we have heard too much of the Olympic Games in Rome. It has been truly said that the vision of the founder of the modern Olympiad, the French Baron de Coubertin, has not materialised. The Olympiad was designed to be a festival of chivalry, a friendly, sporting rivalry among the youth of the world, with no thought of national prestige, politics or pot-hunting. "To love the game before the prize" and otherwise follow Newbolt. It was too much to ask. The flags of the nations are all very well at Stratford-on-Avon; too much attention is perhaps paid to them in modern Olympic arenas. As a result a victory in this event or that is first and foremost taken as a clear proof of the predominance of the victor's nation, or, worse still, as a proof of the "rightness" of that nation's political ideology. Indeed, in a modern sports stadium, great care must be taken to keep apart competitors from nations not friendly disposed to each other. As a result, there is always a risk that, on the slightest suspicion of "injustice," which may be no more than the luck of the draw, the midday temperature or a mislaying of the score of a national anthem, some competitors will protest or walk-out. It needed tact in Babel; it needs super tact on the Olympic stadium to keep the athletes sweet. It needs a miracle to keep them alive when the thermometer rises to 100 in the shade. And certainly there are far too many events. The Ancient Greeks had a better word for it, and to some extent, the events they competed for still retain the greatest glamour of victory. They didn't

A mattress made of reeds and brushwood from the Norfolk Broads lies by the water at King's Lynn. It was about to be towed out and submerged in the Wash as part of the foundations of a new sea wall to improve the local defences against danger from floods and to maintain the shipping channel leading to the East Anglian port on the estuary of the river Ouse. Many such mattresses are being used in this construction

A crowd is gathered below the flat in Kennistoun House, Leighton Road, Kentish Town, London, in which Mr. Don Cook had barricaded himself against possible attempts to evict him. Last week Mr. Cook and another St. Pancras Council tenant, Mr. Arthur Rowe of Silverdale House, Hampstead Road, refused to pay increased rents and attracted much attention in the news by their defiance of the authorities. Pickets of sympathisers guarded the flats

play table tennis or shoot clay-pigeons, and would probably have been sane enough not to play football in temperatures of 90 degs. in the shade. If they gave us the name bicycle, they did not use it. But an overloaded programme of events and too much flag-wagging are not the chief causes of international sport leading to political and international quarrels. Tongue-wagging has done more harm. The elevation to god-head of men, boys and girls, who run, swim, dive or jump, bat, bowl or play tennis above the average is the cause of most of our absurdities in raising sport and games to the rank of matters of moment, and all the servants of a sports-mad public on the air and in the Press must bear their share of the blame. Their white-heat or lyric enthusiasm, their showmanship of the competitors, are more from the heart than from the head. One might almost suppose they held a recipe for turning geese into swans. But let me clear my mind of *cant*. No one rejoiced more than I when we scooped our first Gold Medal. I watched the race with heart in mouth. The winner, interviewed when she should have been using a towel, was modest and unspoiled. It is the old hands, saturated with flattery, who can become so intolerably vain and self-important.

UNRULY WILLS. God alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men. The Collect for the fourth Sunday after Easter tells us so, and we may be certain that the job cannot or will not be done without the co-operation of sinful men. Living as we do in sundry and manifold changes of the world, we are as far away as ever we were from fixing our hearts where true joy is to be found. Or so it seems to me. There is no joy to be got from humiliation, and the face of civilisation to-day is about as dignified as that of an habitual drunkard breathing bad spirits from his unshaven lips and hiccupping defiance of all the standards of decency and order. At any rate, it is depressing to read and see illustrated in every paper and on every screen the unruly wills of people of every age and colour expressed in bear-fights and riots and dismal processions and gatherings beside idle docks and in wrecked streets. It is high time for humanity to stage a tardy reaction towards reason and dignity, for its present methods of voicing its discontents is getting it nowhere, and the race of monkeys is quite certainly becoming ashamed of their once illustrious descendants, while some of those descendants are beginning to hero-worship their remote ancestors. I think it is an appropriate moment to suggest to Dr. Fisher to launch a campaign of national prayer based on that collect of the fourth Sunday after Easter, perhaps combining it with a prayer for fine weather. We are not all mad. We adults could learn useful lessons and take an example from small boy-scouts who still, all over this country, sit cheerfully and orderly under their dripping canvas, singing pleasant songs. They at least retain some dignity and patience and discipline, and afford a useful example to their fathers of all races and colours.

CONTRASTS. I have just returned from a brief tour to Pembroke. I was struck by the changes in the towns and along the roads of Wales since my last visit many years ago. The geography of South Wales makes major improvements and lengthy straightenings very difficult and I suppose the road which winds through the Brecon Beacons Pass is still one of the most frustrating in this country. But the surfaces are greatly improved and much has been done, in a small way, to speed the traffic and make it safer. The towns are greatly enlarged and a new prosperity is obvious in the towns and on the farms. Gone are the farmers' gigs and the horsemen. It is a land of expensive car drivers and the aerials keep double guard over every cottage. The contrasts in traffic congestion are extraordinary. No local would willingly take his car through Carmarthen on a Saturday in August. It is the day when the seaside landladies of the West change their boarders, and the stream of cars, roofed with boats and filled with children, bumper to bumper in each direction, turn Carmarthen into a "rush-hour" Piccadilly. But drive West on Monday and you have the lovely road to yourself. And if when you turn home again you must inevitably suffer frustration through the Brecon Pass, you can iron it out again along the Roman road to Cirencester which is surely one of the most satisfying of the smaller traffic roads in the West. I saw a number of the old Welsh castles, and those now in the hands of the Office of Works repay a long visit, notably Kidwelly and Carrig Cenin. In Carmarthenshire there is, it seemed, a ruined castle every two miles. I suppose they were in their heyday not so much blockhouses or fortresses as police stations. Certainly they were very lightly manned.

THE OLD STAGER

Anna Magnani as Lady Torrence sadly surveys the burnt-down wine garden which once belonged to her father. It was destroyed years before by vigilants led by the man who later became her father

ENTERTAINMENT

THE FUGITIVE KIND

at the London Pavilion

Tennessee Williams's latest play to reach the screen is *Orpheus Descending*, filmed under the title of *The Fugitive Kind* and released through United Artists. There is some point in considering that the work is the most important of the dramatist's career. It began as a play called *Battle of Angels*, written in 1939 as a record of memories of his youth, and re-written over the years until it became the story of a guitar-playing wanderer in search of freedom who loses his life through mob violence in the Deep South. (To complicate this history, Tennessee Williams wrote another early play called *Fugitive Kind*.) The film, directed by Sidney Lumet, stars Marlon Brando as the guitarist, Val. His magnetic performance in Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire* was one of the most compelling of his career. In contrast his present role is gentler and more withdrawn.

He plays opposite Anna Magnani, an Italian actress also associated with Tennessee Williams's work. Together they present a deeply-felt picture of two people, drawn together by loneliness, lost in a fury of local jealousy and spite. The third of the leading roles, that of Carol Cutrere, a member of the landed gentry, is played by Joanne Woodward. She has sought a way out of her loneliness through a decadent exhibitionism. It can be seen that there are typical Tennessee Williams ingredients in the drama, but it lacks the morbid concentration on sexual aberration of the later plays. The film conveys that brooding atmosphere of tension, thick with violence and guilt, which is a hallmark of the dramatist. One of the themes haunting present-day American literature is that of escape from the restrictions of society, of the self-sufficiency of the wanderer. That, too, is the theme of this film—" We 're all of us sentenced to solitary confinement inside our own skins, for life."

Marlon Brando as Val Xavier (centre) is told to leave town by R. G. Armstrong as Sheriff Talbot (right). Val has been accused, wrongly, of a liaison with the sheriff's wife

Marlon Brando carries Victor Jory (Jabe Torrence) upstairs after he has suffered a haemorrhage

Joanne Woodward as Carol Cutrere clutches the remains of Val's jacket

Watched by neighbours, Anna Magnani and Joanne Woodward quarrel outside the store over the wandering guitar-player Val (right), played by Marlon Brando

Joanne Woodward, as the wayward, decadent Carol Cutrere, causes a scene in a dance hall. **Right,** she is with Marlon Brando

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

Governor-General of Independent Nigeria

Sir James Robertson

Sir James Robertson, who has been Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Federation of Nigeria since 1955, is to continue in that office when the country becomes independent on October 1. It was learnt in London last week that the Queen, on the recommendation of the Federal Prime Minister, would approve the appointment when the instruments creating the office were issued.

Sir James, who will be sixty-one on October 27, was educated at Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh, and Balliol College, Oxford. He gained his Blue for Rugby Football in 1921. In the following year he entered the Sudan Political Service and was posted as Assistant District Commissioner and District Commissioner in the period 1922 to 1936. In 1936 he was a member of the Jebel Aulia Compensation Commission and was appointed Sub-Governor of the White Nile Province in 1937. Two years later Sir James was Deputy Governor of the Gezira Province, acting as Governor during 1940 and 1941. Assistant Civil Secretary of the Sudan Government in 1941, he served as Civil Secretary from 1945 to 1953. During the next two years he was Chairman of the British Guiana Constitutional Commission.

His appointment as Governor-General of Independent Nigeria will be for a short period only, as he intends to retire in mid-November. Last week it was stated that the name of his successor would be announced shortly.

Muslim pilgrims from Nigeria board an R.A.F. Hastings aircraft at El Adem, in Libya. They were in a party of 100 Nigerian pilgrims who lost their way in the Libyan desert returning from Mecca. The R.A.F. was called in to assist and flew them to Kano

AUSTRALIA

Although there are some mathematical objections to the decimal system of currency as compared with the Sterling system (ten, for example, has fewer factors than twelve) it looks as though pounds, shillings and pence will soon, in Australia, be no more than memories; to the relief, no doubt, of some 1,500,000 schoolchildren. How much easier to cope with " A hundred cents, one Austral," than the bewildering variations of this other monetary system inherited from 1066 and All That.

Recently Australia's Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, was studying the report of a Government committee which since February 1959 has been examining the question. It is known that the committee is in favour of a decimal currency system, as was the Government, in principle, when the decision to set up the committee was made. Amongst those who have been consulted have been Dr. B. S. Wiehahn, Professional Advisor to the South African Decimalisation Board and a world authority on the subject, who made a special visit to Australia for the purpose, and Dr. F. Leland Howard, Assistant Director, United States Bureau of the Mint. The Premier of New South Wales, Mr. Heffron, has said that conversion to decimals is long overdue; the N.S.W. Treasury had investigated the likely result of the proposed change, and its findings were in line with those of the Federal committee.

The Committee's terms of reference included an estimate of annual savings in cost to the community, as a result of the proposed change-over; the method by which the recommended system should be introduced; estimated cost of replacement or adaptation of accounting, calculating, vending and similar machines, and other costs likely to be experienced. On conversion costs of machines, the committee's cost accountant, Mr. N. H. McIntosh, F.C.A., of Messrs. Smith Johnson and Company, has carried out a detailed investigation. This is one of the two main questions which will be engaging the special concern of State Governments, business and financial houses. The other is whether the Federal Government is prepared to contribute anything towards conversion costs.

The Premier of Victoria, Mr. Bolte has declared he has always supported a decimal currency system, and would accept its introduction if the Federal Government were prepared to help the States with the cost of conversion. The Treasurer of Queensland, Mr. Hiley, does not believe the cost of conversion would be unbearable; to convert the Queensland Government's accounting system should cost not more than £A300,000.

The ten shilling note has been recommended as the basis of the new unit of account, and for this the name " Austral " is one of a number of suggestions—though the committee's recommendation on this particular point is as yet unknown. The Austral—if Austral it is—would be divided into 100 subsidiary " cents " or similar units, these being the equivalent of 1.2 pence. The dear old ha'penny would be no more, of course. The committee has recommended that after a two-year period in which both the old and the new currencies would be used, the new system be adopted in February 1963, and has suggested that, should the Government adopt the system, it might be possible to introduce the necessary legislation in the first session of Parliament next year.

SOUTH AFRICA

During the past three months South Africa has been host to the New Zealand All Blacks rugby team which has been touring the Union and South-West Africa, and has also played in Northern and Southern Rhodesia. A Test series between the Springboks and the All Blacks always excites more than usual interest in South Africa and New Zealand, where rugby is the national sport. This year's series reached a thrilling climax in Port Elizabeth on August 27 in the fourth and final Test. The teams entered the match on level terms, South Africa having won the first Test in Johannesburg 13—0, New Zealand the second in Cape Town 11—3, with the third in Bloemfontein drawn 11—11.

With everything at stake the Port Elizabeth Test was a pulsating match, the Springboks clinching the series with an 8—3 victory. New Zealand took the lead after 13 minutes when their full back, D. B. Clarke, the finest goal kicker ever to visit South Africa, landed a penalty goal, but shortly afterwards the Springboks' scrum half and vice-captain, R. Lockyear, equalised—also with a penalty. With the wind behind them in the second half South Africa's forwards dominated the game and the flanker M. Pelser, appropriately scored the winning try under the posts, for Lockyear to convert. Port Elizabeth therefore maintained its reputation as a lucky ground for the Springboks, who have not been beaten in a Test there since 1910. A crowd of 60,000 saw the match.

The great rugby rivalry between South Africa and New Zealand began in 1921, when a Springbok team captained by T. B. Pienaar toured New Zealand. In that year the Test series was drawn, the Springboks and the All Blacks each winning one match, with the final Test ending in a pointless draw. In 1928 the All Blacks paid their first visit to South Africa under the captaincy of the great Maurice Brownlie, but again the Test series ended all-square—two matches each. In 1937, P. J. Nel's

WEALTH

A decimal monetary system for Australia? The South African Springboks' forthcoming tour of Britain; and industrial development in Ceylon

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Springbok team, one of the best rugby sides ever to leave South Africa, won the Test series in New Zealand by two matches to one, and when the All Blacks visited the Union in 1949 the Springboks were again victorious, this time by four matches to nil. Seven years later, however, New Zealand inflicted on the touring 1956 Springboks South Africa's first defeat in a rugby Test series, at home or abroad, since 1896. In the 1960 series the Springboks have now got home by a short head. Altogether South Africa and New Zealand have met in twenty-two Test matches, of which South Africa has won twelve, New Zealand eight, with two matches drawn.

Rugby followers in the United Kingdom will see the Springboks in action in this country during the coming winter. The Springboks team for the tour was selected after the final Test against the All Blacks. The team will be captained by the young Transvaal and former Stellenbosch University lock forward, A. Malan, who led the Springboks in the last two Tests against the All Blacks. His vice-captain on the tour will be the Griqualand-West scrum half, R. Lockyear. The Springboks will play twenty-nine matches in the United Kingdom and Eire, including internationals against Wales, Ireland, England and Scotland. They are due to arrive in Southampton on October 14 and will open their tour with a match against Oxford University on October 26.

This will be the fifth Springbok rugby team to tour the United Kingdom. The previous tours were in 1906-07, 1912-13, 1931-32 and 1951-52, and South Africa has not been beaten in a rugby international in this country since 1906. The Springboks are keenly looking forward to renewing their acquaintance with their old rugby rivals and friends.

CEYLON

A further stage in Ceylon's industrial development was marked last month (August) with the opening of the Island's first sugar factory. This plant is located in the Gal Oya Valley, site of Ceylon's major multi-purpose (irrigation, power and industries) project. Sugar, together with cement and fertilisers, are the three industrial fields given prominence in Ceylon's Ten-Year-Plan for economic development published last year.

The factory will produce 30,000 tons of refined sugar a year—or a sixth of annual requirements, hitherto all imported. It is estimated that this will lead to an annual saving of £1,500,000 in foreign exchange. Twenty thousand acres of the land made cultivable by Gal Oya's extensive irrigation system have been planted in sugar cane to provide raw material for this factory. It will achieve capacity production in 1962 when this full acreage becomes ready for harvest. This is the first major industry to come up in Gal Oya where development has so far been primarily agricultural. Smaller industries like tile-making and timber have, however, been already established.

Another sugar factory is nearing completion at Kantalai, in Ceylon's North Central Province. Both plants have been financed from Ceylon government funds.

Three other sugar factories which will bring total output near the level of self-sufficiency are planned. It is also proposed to use the by-products of sugar manufacture as the raw material for further industrial expansion. While the pulped sugar cane stalks can be used to make paper and hardboard, the residual molasses can be used to yield power alcohol which can be used directly or as a base for many chemical products like acetic acid, acetate rayon and plastics. Soil and climatic conditions in certain parts of Ceylon have been found to be suitable for growing sugar cane. Until recently, however, no large-scale cultivation was attempted in the absence of refining facilities.

Another new project, due for completion by the end of this year, is a spinning mill. It will produce 1,000,000 lb. of cotton yarn a year, and is the first of its kind in Ceylon.

Two other projects on which work is expected to start soon are a tyre and tube factory, and an iron and steel mill. Soviet assistance has been promised for both these ventures. The first plant which will produce the bulk of the country's needs of automobile tyres and tubes will use locally grown rubber which is now almost fully exported in the raw form. The iron and steel plant will first work on imported ingots and later use local ores.

Helge Jenson, aged twenty-three, a naturalised Canadian of Danish birth, waves as he enters the water at Dover to swim the Channel. He reached Gris Nez in the record time of 10 hours 23 mins. This beat previous records of 12 hours 49 mins. for the Britain to France swim, and 10 hours 50 mins. from France to Britain. Before he started Mr. Jenson already held five world records

Mr. A. L. Adu, Head of the Ghanaian Civil Service, arrives at Blantyre, Nyasaland, to be Chairman of a committee advising on recruitment to the Nyasaland Civil Service

A crippled child is held by a nurse during a party given in Salisbury for physically defective children by Lady Dalhousie, wife of the Governor-General of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Voters queue at a polling station during the general election in Tanganyika. Fifty-eight members, all of the Tanganyika African National Party, were returned unopposed to the Legislature and there were only thirteen contested seats. The election marked an important stage in the development of responsible government in Tanganyika

In Sydney Harbour, Warrant Officer Jeff Constable, of the R.A.A.F., rides "The Bat," the under-water ski he helped design for exploring the sea-bed

UNDER-WATER SKI

During the past months a strange-looking object has attracted considerable attention in Sydney Harbour. It is elusive, for its operations are largely carried out below the surface. Known as "The Bat," the device is an under-water ski, designed and built by the only two official skin-divers in the Royal Australian Air Force, Warrant Officer Jeff Constable and Flight Sergeant Colin Copeland. The craft resembles a bat in shape. It is made almost entirely of thin but strong plywood and is painted yellow for easy identification in the water. Total weight is less than 50 lb. On each side of the hull are two hydroplanes or elevators. These are controlled by two hand-operated levers, which cause the ski to dive or climb under-water or veer to left or right. Towed by a launch at about 5 knots, "The Bat" skims along the surface until the operator moves the hand controls and descends smoothly. The operator, wearing a V-shaped perspex screen to protect his face and head, lies flat on the hull, with his feet in rubber flippers tucked into slots at the rear. Breathing is maintained by a mixture of nitrogen and compressed air which is contained in a bottle strapped to his back. Cruising depth is normally 33 ft. below the surface, although Warrant Officer Constable has dived to 80 ft. He and his colleague have made numerous under-water explorations and located a variety of missing objects, ranging from spanners dropped overboard from ships to sunken rowing boats. They regard "The Bat" as a prototype from which they hope to produce an improved and larger craft the size of a midget submarine.

Various features in the structure of the under-water ski are pointed out. **On left:** "Bat" and rider, towed by a launch, will soon dive below the surface

MEXICAN RAIN DANCE

Mexico has a mysterious and barbaric history of a number of civilisations which have left their impressive monuments and traditions on the country. Their rituals exist to this day. The Totonac Indians of Puebla were an independent nation for 650 years until reduced to an Aztec tributary state. At one time the sway of the Totonacs extended as far south as the Amazon, in Brazil. The centre of the nation was the Temple of Tajin, near Papantla, which has been excavated and restored and is over 1,000 years old.

The civilisation of the Totonacs has always been primarily agricultural and fishing. To them the coming of rain in their hot country is vitally important. Their ritual rain dance is a religious appeal for this. In one form or another the Voladore rain dance has been performed throughout their long history.

The "high priest" chants the ritual words, "Mother Earth is everything; Mother Earth is life and death. Without rain there is no life." He accompanies himself on flute and drum. He and four men, each representing a season, have climbed to the top of a high pole. The four swing on ropes attached to its top, in widening and descending circles. Each of them makes thirteen turns, a total of fifty-two, one for each week of the year. The descent only lasts two minutes, but is a spectacular sight.

Below: Under lowering rain clouds, the "high priest" and his retinue climb to the top of the pole

In front of the Tajin Temple, near Papantla, on the east coast of Mexico, four men of the Totonac tribes swing in increasing circles from a 90 ft.-high pole. This is part of the Voladore Rain Dance. It is due to be performed as part of the ceremonies being held in Mexico this month, celebrating the 150th anniversary of the country's foundation as a Republic

The "high priest" leads the ancient ritual by playing a miniature flute and beating a tiny drum. It is probable the dance has been performed in Mexico for about 1,000 years

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Photographed for "The

A distinguished addition to London's architecture is the new west side of Grosvenor Square formed by the nearly completed United States Embassy. Emblazoned with its golden, aluminium eagle, the new building has a long upper façade of a grille of staggered, pre-cast concrete oblongs supporting each other. It is a simple but impressive design. The staff of the Embassy are expected to move in by the end of this month but the official opening ceremony will not take place until some weeks later.

The man responsible for the design of the building is Eero Saarinen. Born in Kirkkonummi, Finland, in 1910, he has become one of the most praised of American architects, and is now a naturalised U.S. citizen. He comes of a family of architects. His father, himself a leading architect, once said that Eero Saarinen was

practically born on the drawing board. While he was at the Yale School of Architecture he won so many second medals that he was called "Second Medal Saarinen." Since then, he has come first in a number of highly important competitions and has designed some of the United States's most important buildings. In his recent designs he has used much pre-stressed concrete: a material which, in the hands of such masters as Pier Luigi Nervi of Italy and Oscar Niemeyer of Brazil, has led to new concepts of building shapes.

Saarinen's buildings are designed with a view to the way they are to be used. They are clear-cut and impressive. Besides his fame as an architect, Eero Saarinen is a designer of furniture, an activity which has become largely a Scandinavian preserve in recent years. All the fittings in the new Embassy were designed by Saarinen himself.

CA
LONDON

e Sphere" by A. F. Kersting

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DELAYS BY ROAD TO CARDIFF

For some three years, with brief intervals, I have been making a weekly journey by car to Cardiff. To do this, from where I live, one has to cross the Severn either by the Aust Ferry or at Gloucester. Argument among motorists used to run high as to which was the quicker route. Though I much prefer the ferry, which has a charm all its own and which can sometimes be quite an adventure, I found that there was very little in it for me. The Gloucester route is a few miles further, but I found that I could, in summer anyway, lose all that time and a bit more through delays at the ferry, and, since I am bad at timing ferries, I usually went via Gloucester.

Three years ago there might have been some point in the argument. To-day there is none. Three years ago, provided that you could time your arrival at the ferry, there was no real hold-up, except at fine week-ends and the occasional race-meetings, when you might be badly delayed in Chepstow, and the shorter run was probably the quicker. But now, it makes not the slightest difference which route you take. You are going to be held up anyway: if not in Chepstow, then certainly in Newport, and probably in both.

Newport must, surely, boast the worst traffic hold-ups in Britain. Richard Thomas and Baldwin are building a new steel works on the flat marshland between the railway and the Bristol Channel. They have been doing it for a year now, and 5,000,000 tons of shale have gone into the site, and I am told that there are another 3,000,000 tons to go in. The stuff is carried by heavy lorries and I understand that 5,000 lorries a day (1,000 lorries at an average of five trips a day) now cross Usk Bridge. I will not vouch for the number: it would not surprise me to find that it was double that. All I know is that I meet them all, coming and going, week after week. And the peak has not yet been reached. I have seen it stated that there will be work for the contractors on the site for another ten years.

Newport used to be a quiet, though always pretty town. Now it is a traffic hell. The effect reaches far, far beyond the town. It is truly astonishing that, having made A48 a good and reasonably fast road, nothing should have been done to circumvent the bottlenecks at Chepstow and Newport. When the works at Newport come into production (in fifteen months' time) the congestion will presumably be still greater, and the loss in money, time and temper fantastic. Oh yes, I know there is a Ross Spur Motorway due to be opened next month and that this is supposed to be going to do something for the South Wales traffic. But it is admitted that this 27-mile stretch is already out-of-date (it was planned as long ago as 1949, though not started until 1958). In any case, it will not relieve the congestion in South Wales, as everyone familiar with the hilly, twisting road from Ross to the South Wales industrial belt knows only too well.

M4 (the South Wales Motorway) would do so. But M4, as far as I can make out, may have reached London Airport by 1964! Mr. Marples will go on saying that you cannot hurry these things under a democratic system. Other democracies seem to. But I am getting carried away, really, without overmuch personal justification. I do not, on the whole, mind being held up on the way to Cardiff (or anywhere else) for I enjoy looking around me, and I have long since learnt that for any motor journey of any distance in this country you should allow at least one hour above the time it ought to take at an average of 30 m.p.h. I admit that, two years or so ago, I used to chafe a little at the slow crawl up Chepstow's main street with its narrow bottleneck at the Town Gate, strategically situated halfway up the steep incline. I knew the street and every building in it too well. Even the fact that the traffic was sometimes controlled by one of the prettiest policewomen in Britain did not wholly relieve the boredom.

The sixteenth-century Town Gate of Chepstow. The medieval town walls form one boundary of the garden of the George Hotel (right), a Trust House

Then one day I got held up for a long time at the top of the long and steep hill outside Chepstow (one of the lorries rushing to Newport had overturned at the bottom) and had a good opportunity of looking at the old town spread out below me. I suddenly realised that I did not know Chepstow at all: only the Castle, a most impressive ruin on its cliff above the Wye. Since then I have been leaving home a little earlier and spending half-an-hour or so each week exploring the place, and each week falling a little more deeply in love with it.

Walking about Chepstow—a rather breath-taking enterprise—you soon realise the truth of Edward Davies' eighteenth-century poem

> But, strange to tell, there cannot here be found
> One single inch of horizontal ground.

The town appears to be without plan; save for the main street, a maze of steeply rising or falling by-ways. But seen from the top of one of the hills at the approaches to the town, you can pick up the line of the old town wall and get an impression of the original plan. This wall is known as the Port Wall. It is of thirteenth-century date and marks the extent of the medieval borough, which it formerly enclosed. Originally, it ran from the Castle on the north to the river Wye on the east, and it is still intact for the greater part of its length.

Unfortunately, you can view it from the ground only: there is no access (as there is, for example, at Chester) to the wall top. I think this is a pity. Thousands of people come to see the Castle every year, and access to the wall top at one or two places would make Chepstow an even greater tourist attraction. Again, not enough is made of Bulwarks Camp, a large earthwork, pre-Roman in date, which relied in part upon the natural defence of a cliff. I discovered it purely by chance; in conversation with an American. When I asked a Chepstow man about it, all I got was "Oh yes, I think there is some such place."

Chepstow Castle, "a stupendous stroke of masculine masonry, rising 360 ft. out of the razor-edge of the cliff," has a strange plan for a Norman fortress, a plan dictated by its situation. It is divided into four courts, the encircling walls being protected by round towers and a deep ravine on the landward side. The lower part of the Great Hall is the earliest building of its kind in the country, and from the second court you get a magnificent view of the great sweep of the river far below. But most interesting to me are the masons' marks on Marten's Tower and the Gateway. You will find identical masons' marks on Battle Abbey, far away in Sussex.

Most people, I think, see the Castle and climb back into their motor-coach, paying no attention to Chepstow itself; missing the exhilarating mixture of history, shipping and agriculture, the tall ramshackle warehouses, old cottages, good town houses and the dozens of little pubs that go to make Chepstow one of the most fascinating of British towns. I, too, should have missed it but for that hold-up. All the same it will be a good thing when M reaches (if it ever does) South Wales.

The 12-metre *Sceptre*, Britain's challenger for the America's Cup in 1958

Sceptre's "considerably ageing rivals," Norsaga and Flica II

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Sceptre's foray into southern waters from her solitude on the Clyde must be regarded as an unqualified success by her owner and the many supporters of her Scottish designer and builder. She certainly proved herself a good 12-metre, and her record in competition with her sister 12's in the South has achieved at least one thing. It has silenced, once and for all, her most severe critics, who, ever since her defeat in America two years ago, had insinuated that she was a thoroughly badly designed boat.

But does the fact that she is capable of beating such fine but considerably ageing rivals as *Flica II* and *Norsaga* fairly consistently prove anything more? (The others in the fleet are not really true twelves, but are handicapped by engines or reduced rig or both.) I hardly think so. It is impossible to be sure, but it is very unlikely that she would ever be good enough to win a match against the Americans' latest and best. I have been asked by many people—some of whom perhaps should know better—if *Sceptre* had any hush-hush alterations made to her hull by her new owner in order to improve her performance. I do not know the answer, but whatever it is makes no difference; it would be foolish to assume that she is now good enough for a challenge for the America's Cup.

Her visit to the South has been extremely useful nevertheless; it has added an edge to the racing in the class, and helped to make it come truly alive. A live racing class is essential for the development of a successful challenger, as much as the greatest endeavours of science and technology in the design of hull, spars and sails. Helmsman and crew are just as important and only continued racing of a high standard can produce these of the essential quality. Successful training of helmsmen and crews is half the battle, the other half is in the hands of the designers in co-operation with the boffins.

Meanwhile, we have scored a repeated success in another branch of sailing against America. It will be remembered that a British Universities sailing team visited the States in 1959 with great success and returned with two major trophies, the British American Universities Trophy (presented originally by Sir Kenneth Preston) and the Thomas Lipton Trophy. A U.S. sailing team, representing the Inter-Collegiate Yacht Racing Association of North America has just completed an extensive return visit to this country, during which its members have sailed against British sailors in many places with varying success, but both of the big trophies have been retained by this country.

Martin Beale, who has been responsible for the organisation of this extremely successful tour, tells me that the Lipton Trophy was originally an inter-area prize in America, before it was put up for international competition during the visit of the British team over there. For this reason, our team has offered to return it, although they have won it the second time. The Americans would not hear of this, and so the Trophy remains here, until the next time. The British-American Trophy is a simpler matter; it is to be raced in "alternate waters" regardless of who has won. I understand that negotiations are now afoot, the object of which is to arrange for matches and return matches to be sailed at regular intervals of two or three years.

AN UNREMARKABLE SEASON

A Survey of Cricket in 1960

By NEVILLE CARDUS

The season of 1960 is not likely to remain a warm memory among lovers of cricket. It consisted mainly of poor weather, acrid controversy, and play of a kind rather monotonous in technique and more or less anonymous of style. Day after day it has been possible for anybody to go to watch a county or Test Match and see hardly any kind of bowling except fast or medium-paced stuff pitched just short of a length. At the present moment there is not one truly great off-spinner in English cricket; not one truly great left-handed spinner fit to tie Hedley Verity's or Charles Parker's bootlaces, and not one leg-spinner comparable to Douglas Wright, Walter Robins, J. W. Hearne, Jim Sims and Ian Peebles.

In match after match English batsmen have wearied small crowds on first days by defensive methods and a defensive mental approach. An individual innings of 50 in three hours has become a common occurrence. But on a game's third day, following fantastic "declarations," strokes have been witnessed, visible to the most naked and myopic eye, strokes rapid and brilliant, strokes as excellent as any performed in the past. Obviously there is ample natural talent yet in English cricket; it is hampered in its growth by false theories, self-conscious broodings before the event.

"Cricket is more difficult to play to-day than ever before," said a great player of yesterday as he discussed with me the general state of cricket in 1960. He argued that bowlers have developed the ball's seam to a cunning perfection. Also, he maintained, the art of field-placing has closed up the old-time open spaces. Why, then, do batsmen score quickly on a third day; why at a challenge do bowlers lose power to cast spells rendering batsmen strokeless? Why at the challenge do our cricket captains forget the secret of setting fields containing no gaps? The answer is easy—first, the ball loses its shine, and when the ball is "old" even a Statham is reduced 25 per cent. in his power of hostile attack. And when the shine and seam of the ball have departed, the modern batsman has hardly a single complicated problem of attack to tackle.

Once on a time only one ball was available to the fielding side throughout the longest innings of the batting side. Consequently bowlers who knew how to swing and swerve the ball had to learn other tricks to fall back upon after the shine and seam had gone. Watch the finest of our fast bowlers of to-day on a good wicket, at say three o'clock, when the score is about 120 for one. They are, without a new ball, pretty straight up and down. As a fact, fast bowlers are now usually "rested" for long periods, waiting for the new ball. A necessary reform of the rules of cricket is a return to the use of one ball only in the batting side's innings. Or, if I am going too far on this point, let the use of a new ball be delayed until 250 runs at least are on the scoring-board.

Bowling mainly with an "old" ball, Tom Richardson took 1,000 wickets during four successive seasons; moreover bowling most of his time on Tom Apted's notorious "billiard tables." Every great fast bowler, from Richardson and Lockwood to Larwood and Macdonald, commanded a break-back propelled by an action based on a swing across of the left shoulder pointing straight down the wicket. Such a ball was deadly hours after the same ball had been in play.

Variety of stroke play is very much conditioned by variety of attack. Cricketers cannot of course be made sportsmen by law alone; the heart must show the way. But the mental approach, which is the beginning and end of any undertaking in life, is surely a matter which county captains could control. They are able to change atmosphere from stuffy defence to quite covetous aggression on a game's third day, with points dangling before their noses.

On the season's showing, no county was truly champion, by reliable, all-round, trustworthy resources. Yorkshire, I think, remained best of a hardly distinguished lot. I find it hard to account for the recurrent brittleness of Yorkshire's batting. Clearly there is ample sound technique in the possession of Stott, Padgett, Taylor, Close and Sharpe. Close is cricket's enigma. Nature lavished rare cricketing gifts on him in the cradle. On his day he is the finest left-handed batsman in English cricket. His innings of 198 against Surrey at the Oval, for Tony Lock's benefit, was classic in its majestic poise and command, noble with great swinging and beautiful drives, gracious with wrist-placings and cuts. And Close can bowl off-spin not less cleverly than the rather over-rated (by the Selection Committee) Allen of Gloucestershire. I am pretty certain that if Close had been born in Australia he would have been put straightway into representative cricket and kept there until he had found instinctive touch with "class" and quality.

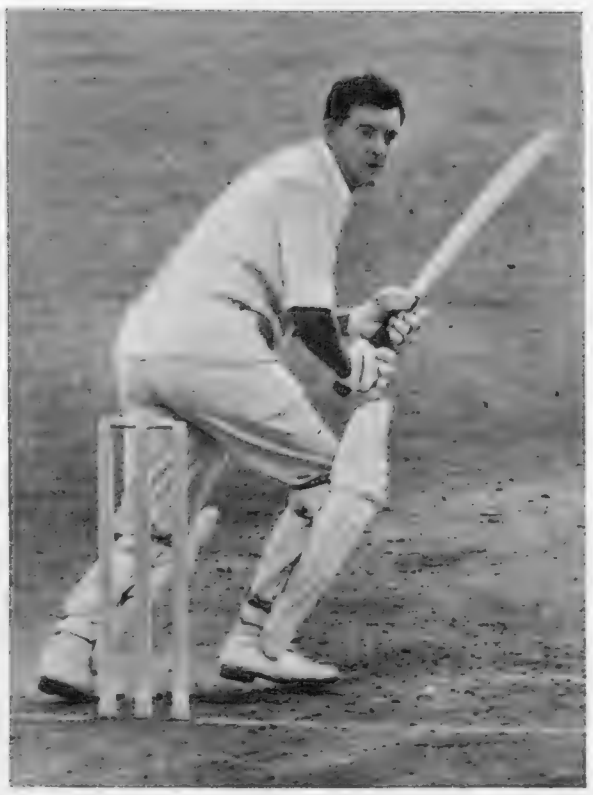
Rain at Lord's. The Middlesex–South Africa match is abandoned

Sir Donald Bradman and Mr. Dowling, chairman of the Australian Board of Control, watch the Test at Trent Bridge

Sidney Barnes (left) and Frank Woolley congratulate Trueman and Statham (right) on their fine bowling in the third Test

T. E. Bailey scores for Essex against Middlesex at Lord's

" Cricket's enigma "—D. B. Close, the Yorkshire all-rounder



A record-breaker. Pullar in action in the Oval Test

Cowdrey on the way to his 155 at the Oval

Lock out for a duck, caught by Lancashire's wicketkeeper, Clayton

J. H. Edrich, Surrey's opener, is missed by Murray, the Middlesex wicketkeeper

Next to Yorkshire, I should place Middlesex for all-round skill, potential and actual. And, like Yorkshire, many of Middlesex's players are young enough to develop greatly with experience. Gale and Russell might well train into opening batsmen for England. Both can make sound, strong and stylish strokes, based on solid defence applied late and over the ball. Gale's left-handed upright driving can vie with Close's. Murray is an agile, enthusiastic wicketkeeper who can score well and defiantly. Titmus as an off-spinner has been unfairly overlooked by our Selection Committees; he is also a determined and organised batsman and a fairly sure and agile slip-fieldsman.

The young Dryborough has slow left-handed bowling ability and no small understanding of the essentials of batsmanship. Next year Middlesex will need a new captain to succeed the energetic and amusing John Warr, whose fast bowling is bound to leave a hole in the county's attack. I trust that the position of Middlesex's leader is next year filled by a player of experience and ample skill. Gale, I fancy, would be supported wholeheartedly by the team to a man.

Of my own native county of Lancashire I can only say that their performances in 1960 exceeded my most optimistic anticipations. But their batting has needed the tenacity and horse-sense of players such as Makepeace, Hallows, Paynter, Washbrook, Hopwood and Watson—each of whom thrived on adversity and could " graft," and play a long innings in hours of dire need. Glory has temporarily departed from the Oval. With the decline of Lock's spinning power and with the passing of Laker, the Oval wickets have suddenly enjoyed a wonderful change; they have become quite friendly to batsmen! None the less, Lock remains a splendid attacking force; he is still our best slow left-hand bowler. His fielding is always part of the attack; like Trevor Bailey he is always " in the game." Australia and South Africa would be glad to have players equal to Lock and Bailey in reliable versatility. At the passing from the game of Alec Bedser, let us all praise again a great bowler and a very fine man !

The tour of South Africa's cricketers and the Test Matches should be speedily forgotten. And with them let us cast into the limbo England's mostly cheeseparing contributions to as dreary a sequence of representative games as ever afflicted damp and diminishing spectators. Poor McGlew and his team had, from their arrival in this country, scarcely a smile from fortune. First of all was the fear of " Boycott." Fortunately this fear proved ungrounded. More depressing was the no-balling of Griffin. Frankly I think that the South Africans surrendered too quickly to umpire Buller's decree of illegality. After all, two other English umpires, equal in experience and, surely, honesty to Buller, had, before Buller's denunciation, publicly stated their opinion that Griffin's action was basically fair, and that only a recurrent delivery could be regarded as suspect.

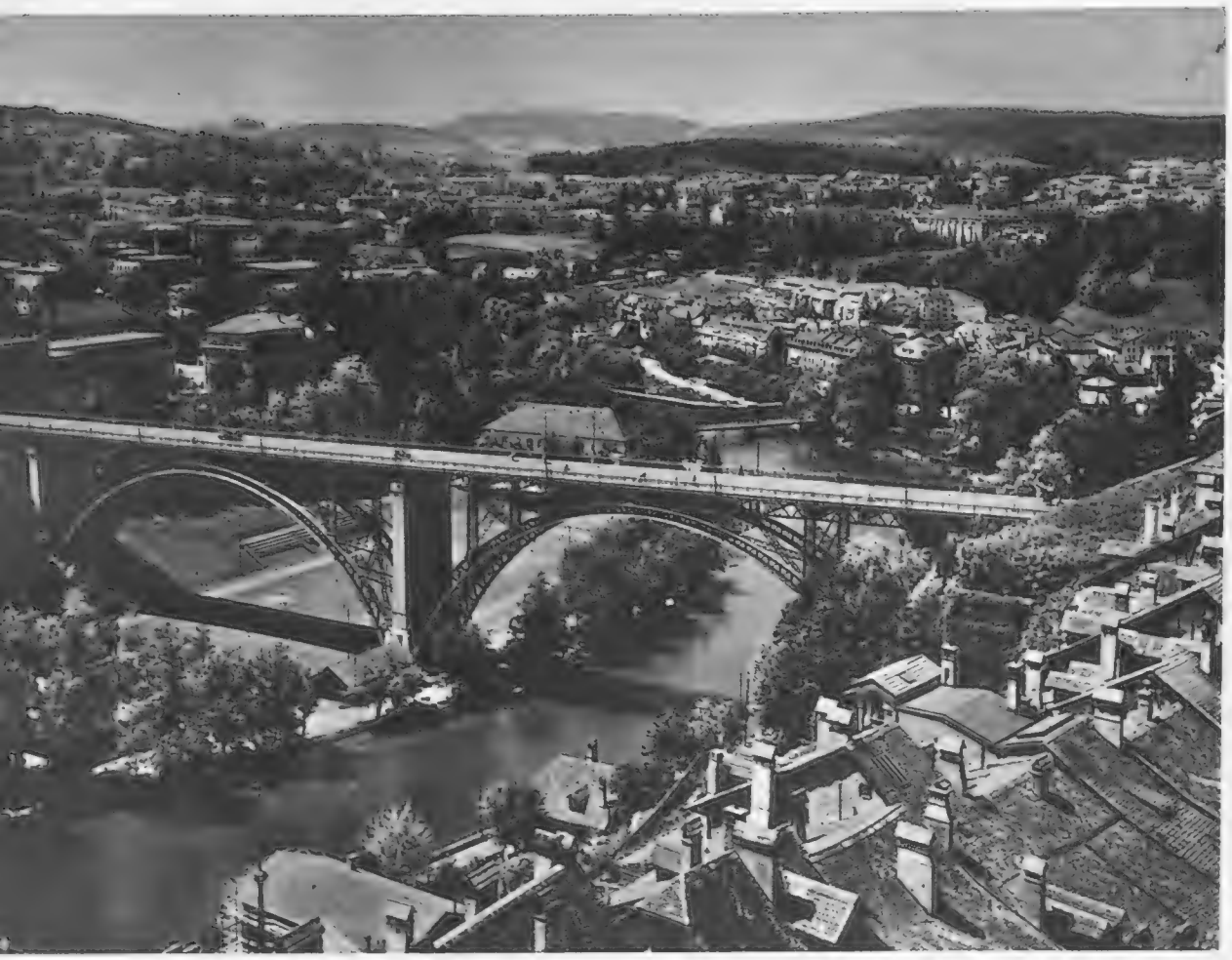
Young Griffin won the hearts of English sportsman by his pleasant uncomplaining demeanour through all his ordeal. The ironic gods gave him generous compensation by arranging that he should perform the " hat trick " in a Test Match v. England; then find himself " no-balled " with humourless and consecutive decisiveness by Dogberry Buller in an " Exhibition " game which, before it began, transcended the main laws

(Continued on page 393)

TRAVEL

BEARS AND FOUNTAINS OF BERNE

By GORDON COOPER



The old town of Berne (right) is separated from the modern quarters by the River Aar

Berne is not only the Swiss Federal capital, but it is quite the most distinguished, beautiful and lovable city in the country. It abounds in character and interest, is magnificently located, and each time I return there I do so with pleasure and delight. There is much to see in Berne, especially for anyone content to wander, by day and by night, for not least of the city's charms are its arcades which line its curving, medieval streets, and along which you can stroll, often without a soul in sight, and feel as though you were in some past age.

I am often very thankful that I am a traveller lacking a sceptical eye and that I respond to childlike enchantment. Innocence is the key to Berne; and I have not the slightest desire to criticise the fatness of the bears or the architecture of the Minster. I find delight in the various gold and scarlet fountains rising from their nests of geraniums, and in the enormous clocks which clang the hours. All these pleasant features of Berne—the arcades, the fountains, the bears—have existed in one form or another for centuries. These are all permanent sights of the city and the colourful pantomime at mid-day at the Clock Tower on the Kram-gasse (when bears count the hour, a cock crows and the Duke of Zähringen strikes the hour) is also something which appeals more to my instinctive, childish sense of wonder than to rational analysis.

Every intelligent and curious visitor is going to find his own particular enchantment in Berne. My own perfect day there would start with a leisurely saunter along the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, from which there is a splendid view of the Alps. Then I would pass through the exquisite little thoroughfare that brings me to the small cathedral square. Here I would see the first of the city's fountains, dedicated to Moses and, as all sensible fountains should be, still in frequent use by the inhabitants. The west portal of the Minster repays inspection, and a local wit may point out that in the scene of the Last Judgment the "saved" includes the Mayor of Berne, while among the damned is the Mayor of Zurich—the two cities being keen rivals. The interior is interesting, too, especially the choir stalls and stained-glass windows.

From the Minster, my route would continue down the Junkern-gasse, surely one of the most enticing streets in all Europe; and this would bring me out near the Nydegg Kirche (fifteenth century), whence one looks back over the medley of rooftops. But the bears now call me so, crossing by the Old Bridge, I arrive at the Bear Pit. Every traveller harbours in his heart odd memories: Balinore music (in Bali), the Cuillins in Skye, a sunset in Luxor, wandering at dawn in the great mosque of Cordova, are some of mine; and in this list I would assuredly include the bears of Berne. Small wonder that they form the heraldic device of the city, for they have been kept there since the earliest times and have a legendary history. I know of no other animals in the world which are more fascinating. They make shameless pigs of themselves, but they do it with an air. They strut and posture, knowing that they will bring down showers of tit-bits, the most important being carrots, of which they are inordinately fond. They lie on their backs, fold their paws, and will do almost anything for alms. Needless to say, their gluttony involves a change of bears at intervals, so that the gorged ones can sleep off their banquets.

If there were nothing else to be seen in Berne but its bears, I would still go there. But, there is much else to enjoy. Special sights include the Clock Tower and many interesting museums (notably the Historical, Natural History, the Alpine, and the Postal). Then, there is the Museum of Art, with a good collection of representative Swiss paintings. By arrangement, you can visit the interior of the Town Hall, a fascinating building with a gem of a fountain in its little forecourt. The Bundeshaus (Federal Parliament House) should be visited, if only to see the ceiling paintings in the long promenade room. These illustrate various features of Swiss industry—one shows, most amusingly, baby angels in the guise of tourists wearily climbing a Swiss mountain and being helped by an equally juvenile Mercury.

You should certainly take one meal in the great Cornhouse Cellar, a typical restaurant, whose outstanding feature is a huge beer barrel holding 10,000 gallons. In the evenings this place offers a stage-show, with local students indicating their approval or disapproval of an act. Outside the Cornhouse is the oddest of Berne's fountains: the Ogre. It shows a horrible cannibal stuffing one naked baby into his mouth, with other infants handy for further morsels. This was supposed to frighten naughty medieval children. Yet, around its base, there are the jolliest of bears, dancing happily while their master feeds on babies. All the fountains of Berne, however, have a story to tell.

Finally, Berne, which is well supplied with good hotels, is a base for attractive excursions; to Soleure, Bienne, Neuchâtel, medieval Morat, with its fifteenth-century fortifications still intact, Ramont, Avenches (important Roman remains), and the university city of Fribourg, which is most picturesque. I hope that when you are in Berne you will be lucky enough to see at twilight on a clear evening that incomparable natural phenomenon of the *Alpenglühen* on the distant snow-capped Alpine peaks. It is a truly magical scene.

The Seiler-Brunnen with the statue of Anna Seiler and, behind, the Prison Tower

A GENERATION OF FIGHTERS

In unique formation, from bottom left, Hurricane, Spitfire, Meteor, Hunter, Javelin and Lightning, the R.A.F.'s fighter aircraft from 1940 to the present, fly together as a curtain-raiser for Battle of Britain Week (September 12 to 18). Never before had they all flown together. They are aircraft which will take part in flying displays on the "At Home" days at twenty-five R.A.F. stations on September 17, the twentieth anniversary of the date on which Hitler was at last persuaded that the air battle for Britain had failed. The two fighters responsible were the Hawker Hurricane and Supermarine Spitfire. Both first flew in the 1930's: at the outbreak of war, the Spitfire had a top speed of about 350 m.p.h., and the Hurricane a little less. By the end of the war, later varieties of the Spitfire were capable of 450 m.p.h. So rapid is the technical progress in the air that twenty years later, the English Electric Lightning (*left*, in a two-seat, trainer version), now in service with the R.A.F., is believed capable of a speed of about 1,500 m.p.h. The other aircraft in the picture are no less noteworthy: the Gloster Meteor was the only Allied jet aircraft in operational service in the last war, the Hunter is the latest of the line of remarkable Hawker fighter aeroplanes, and the Gloster Javelin was the first twin turbojet-engined delta-wing aircraft.

BOOKS

LIFE IN MOROCCO

New novels by Jan de Hartog, Roger Manvell, and Rex Warner, and this week's detective stories

After this disastrously damp summer, any book with a title like THE HOTTER WINDS (Hutchinson. 21s.) must be off to a good start. Mr. Patrick Turnbull, who has written this autobiographical tale of travels in India, in French North Africa, in Spain and, for a matter of weeks only, in England, was twenty when he started on his career of voyages. As a recently commissioned second lieutenant he was on his way to Rawalpindi to join his regiment and, although unaware of it at the time, to conform to his family's tradition of world wandering. His first leave was spent driving an ancient car to Kashmir, and the delights, hazards and revelations of that journey were to shape his future.

Much of Mr. Turnbull's book is taken up with an account of his life in Morocco, which he came to know well, even intimately, existing as he did often on the barest margin of money and sharing the poverty and the often inexplicable cheerfulness of the local population. His stories about this period are sometimes amusing, more often hair-raising, and while he conveys his own deep affection for the country it can't be said that his picture of it greatly encourages the ordinary tourist. At one time Mr. Turnbull spent some months at a remote outpost with a squadron of the French Foreign Legion and he has written about that strenuous but rewarding visit more vividly than of any other event, giving a wonderfully clear picture of the isolated fort, the rigours of the routine and the extraordinary *camaraderie* of the force. This spirit is best exemplified by the story about Lyautey, who once asked " a nameless man in the white *képi* " what his nationality was. " *Légionnaire, mon Général*," was the answer.

Mr. Jan de Hartog's new novel, THE INSPECTOR (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), is also his best book for some years, which makes it very good indeed. He has written the story of a detective in the Dutch C.I.D. who has neither the omniscience of a Maigret nor the dash of a James Bond. On the contrary, he is peace-loving to the verge of inefficiency and regarded with no more than kindly contempt by the two people who matter most to him: his Chief and his wife. Nevertheless he sets out on a private mission which may cost him his career and his home but which he regards as more important than either. The motive, which he never formulates even to himself, is a strong one: sheer loving kindness.

On a routine job the inspector has followed a man suspected of being a white slave trader and has observed his latest victim, a frail Jewish girl, branded with the number of a concentration camp in which she has lost all her family. He saves her from her predictable fate in South America to find that she has only one aim, to reach Palestine and join other surviving Jews in making a new home. Calmly, because he is not a man given to sensational gestures, the inspector accompanies the girl on her way; by canal barge, by aeroplane and by near-derelict boat 'till she reaches her journey's end, using every shred of his ingenuity, his determination and such authority as is left to him. The time is 1946 and the dangers to both man and girl are myriad. The half-tragic, half-triumphant end of their saga is genuinely moving and I recommend the novel to you as a sensitive yet robust example of the story-teller's art.

STEPHEN LEWIS, an ex-carpenter, is the author of the latest success to be seen at the Theatre Royal, Stratford East, *Sparrers Can't Sing*, in which he also acts

THE PASSION (Heinemann. 18s.), by Mr. Roger Manvell, has a basically melodramatic plot and a mood which puzzled me until I recognised it as being more characteristic of Edwardian novels than of ones of our own days. I found myself, indeed, thinking of Hall Caine and such erstwhile giants. Mr. Manvell's story is concerned with a parish priest in the north of England, a preacher of local fame and an ascetic who has long since decided that even a happy marriage is not for him. As we begin to read, this vicar is facing a crisis in his faith and his torment of self-questioning and doubt coincides with falling in love with one of his parishioners, an unhappily married Polish woman. Turning his back on the Church, he elopes with her only to find, after a long period of social ostracism and poverty, that his real life lies in the theatre. In this second career he makes a success, much helped by an actress who is deeply in love with him and we last see him, having reduced his former Bishop to tears by the beauty of his performance in *King Lear*, walking back to his home in Mayfair and brooding, not too sadly, about the two women in his life and the far more exciting demands of the stage. An odd book, of the type sometimes known as Powerful.

Following that brilliant and memorable book, *The Young Cæsar*, Mr. Rex Warner has written IMPERIAL CÆSAR (Collins. 18s.), depicting Cæsar's life from the moment in 58 B.C. when he assumed his first great military command in Gaul to the morning of his assassination in Rome. That whole period of generalship and statesmanship is, as it were, enclosed between a reflective prologue and conclusion written by the man himself on a sleepless night before the Ides of March; a

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HISTORY OF FLYING

A definitive survey by Charles Gibbs-Smith

The aeroplane has grown from its feeble infancy to the giant of to-day within the span of a man's lifetime. In 1910, for example, Claude Grahame-White, one of Britain's first aviators, was over thirty when he became a national hero in the London to Manchester race, making the first night flight in Britain. By the time Grahame-White died last year, the aeroplane had become a commonplace, flying throughout the world and on its way towards space. It has been a remarkable revolution. THE AEROPLANE (H.M.S.O. 35s.), an historical survey by Charles Gibbs-Smith, gives an exhaustive and accurate history of aviation from the beginning, written as a handbook for the Science Museum.

It is a definitive work. Starting with the myths and dreams of our ancestors, Mr. Gibbs-Smith details an amount of unpublished information about the period of the Wright Brothers. He shows how these two remarkable men were far ahead of their contemporaries, and discusses in exhaustive detail the claims of those supposed to antedate them. There follows a chronology of subsequent aviation, a section of memorable quotations; and a commentary covering a wide field of related topics. In contrast to the important research on the early days there seem to be some confusing statements in the survey of recent times. (The first production jet bomber was the Arado AR 234B-2, not the North American B-45 Tornado—illustrating the remarkable German technical advances at the end of the war. The single-engined Messerschmitt fighter of the beginning of the war is correctly called the Bf 109, not ME 109. And the date of the first official flight faster than sound by the Bell X-1 is October 14 not October 11, 1947.)

As a companion to this monumental work, which is illustrated with photographs and drawings, is Graham Wallace's last book on aviation before he died, CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE (Putnam. 35s.). This exciting and readable biography was written with the co-operation of the pioneer before he, too, died. It is a valuable picture of the Edwardian heyday of early flying against great hazards and is illustrated with a series of unique photographs. Also to be mentioned this week is John Pudney's account of the development of the Bristol Aeroplane Company —BRISTOL FASHION (Putnam. 12s. 6d.).

As with the early days of flying, there are a number of popular misconceptions which hide the reality, origins and effect of financial speculation (and peculation) in the early eighteenth century. THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE (Cresset Press. 30s.), by John Carswell, is a documented reconstruction of this famous misfortune in the City. It describes the bustling, adventurous business world of the Commercial Revolution, not only in Britain but also in Europe, as a setting for the financial manœuvre, whereby £9,000,000-worth of unfunded Government securities were exchanged compulsorily for shares at par in a joint stock company, trading in the South Seas. The reasons for the company's existence were as much political as financial greed and the downfall of the company a complicated history of inflation. Closely annotated, the book is scholarly and vividly written.

In FOUR ABSENTEES (Barrie and Rockliff. 13s. 6d.) Rayner Heppenstall writes of his personal acquaintance with four literary figures, round whom much of the literary and theoretical ferment of the 1930's boiled—Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, Eric Gill, and J. Middleton Murry. Of the four, George Orwell is the only one whose reputation has increased greatly since his death. Rayner Heppenstall, while biased against him, allows fragmentary insights into the life of this extraordinary figure. There is perhaps an air of the 1930's about this book: its method is to describe the insignificant attitude, the haphazard meeting, and the short conversation. Each of the four tried to achieve a society outside the one in which he lived. Mr. Heppenstall's is a personal account and is best a picture of himself. **J. W.**

device which makes the recital amazingly tense and ends with the words: "Today I have a meeting with the Senate in one of the halls that adjoin Pompey's theatre." More praiseworthy, though, and rarer among such reconstructions of history is Mr. Warner's unique gift for recapturing the spare and forceful style of Cæsar, bringing each action, political or military, to life again and giving the reader an impression of excitement and immediacy.

BROWN GIRL, BROWNSTONES (W. H. Allen. 16s.) is an impressive first novel by Mrs. Paule Marshall, an American writer of West Indian stock, who herself grew up among the brownstone houses of Brooklyn and writes about them in this unusual and often touching book. Her heroine is a brown girl who left her Caribbean island to come to New York and it is of her dreams, struggles and disillusion, as well as of her courage, that Mrs. Marshall has composed the story. In some ways, the North American background to the lives of the southern people who crowd this lively canvas gives an even more exotic tone than if the setting had been their normal Barbadian one. I found this book wonderfully readable and its pathos far from the sentimental.

Two excellent detective stories this week are Mr. Delano Ames' THE MAN IN THE TRICORN HAT (Methuen. 15s.) and Mr. Simon Troy's DRUNKARD'S END (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.). Mr. Ames, who knows his Spain and his Spaniards with more than a traveller's perception, has based his story in a small fishing village of such obvious attractions that the wonder is that it has not been spoiled by tourists several decades ago. The mystery of which he writes is pleasantly obscure and his wit, as always, is a fresh delight. Mr. Troy's setting is London and a village by the Thames, infested with film-fringe folk, magazine artists and more or less dedicated models. His story is ingenious without being thrilling and the writing is smooth to the point of slickness.

Vernon Fane

ST. ANTHONY IN ARMOUR

Not being Lord Macaulay, I doubt whether "every schoolboy knows" who was "the victor of Narva" or could write "three lines" on Charles XII of Sweden, contemporary and peer of the Great Marlborough among strategists. The late Franz Bengtsson's CHARLES XII (Macmillan. 42s.), excellently translated by Naomi Walford, supplies in full measure and with authority the extraordinary record of successes and misadventures of this incredible man who lived for fighting between 1697 and 1718. From the age of four, he was dedicated and harshly trained to be a warrior King, and the austerity of his character results in one of the most austere biographies I have read. Women and wine, love and scandal, have no place in it. Charles XII was a St. Anthony in mail armour. His two enemies-in-chief were Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, and Peter the Great.

Still a mere boy, he smashed Peter at Narva in 1700, and nine years later Peter took his revenge in the Ukraine. Thereafter for nine more years Charles, who was hardly ever found in Sweden, lived a roving life of adventure in many lands, sometimes in disguise, until his death at the age of 36.

His drill-book was the standard text book of military strategy. His private character was mild and gentle, he drank milk and set captured enemies free. But he was the very devil of a fighter and drained his country's life-blood. He could work as long hours as Bonaparte, but he had none of Bonaparte's administrative genius outside the field of war.

He was of course a madman, a fanatic purged of weaknesses and utterly honest, as fanatics often are. But it is difficult to find anyone to compare him with since the days of Hannibal. Bengtsson etched him on an ice-block with utter, if icy, precision.

John Gore

SWEDISH ROYAL OPERA: Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. Centre is Siw Ericsdotter as Senta

The set showing the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, for the last scene of Verdi's *The Masked Ball*

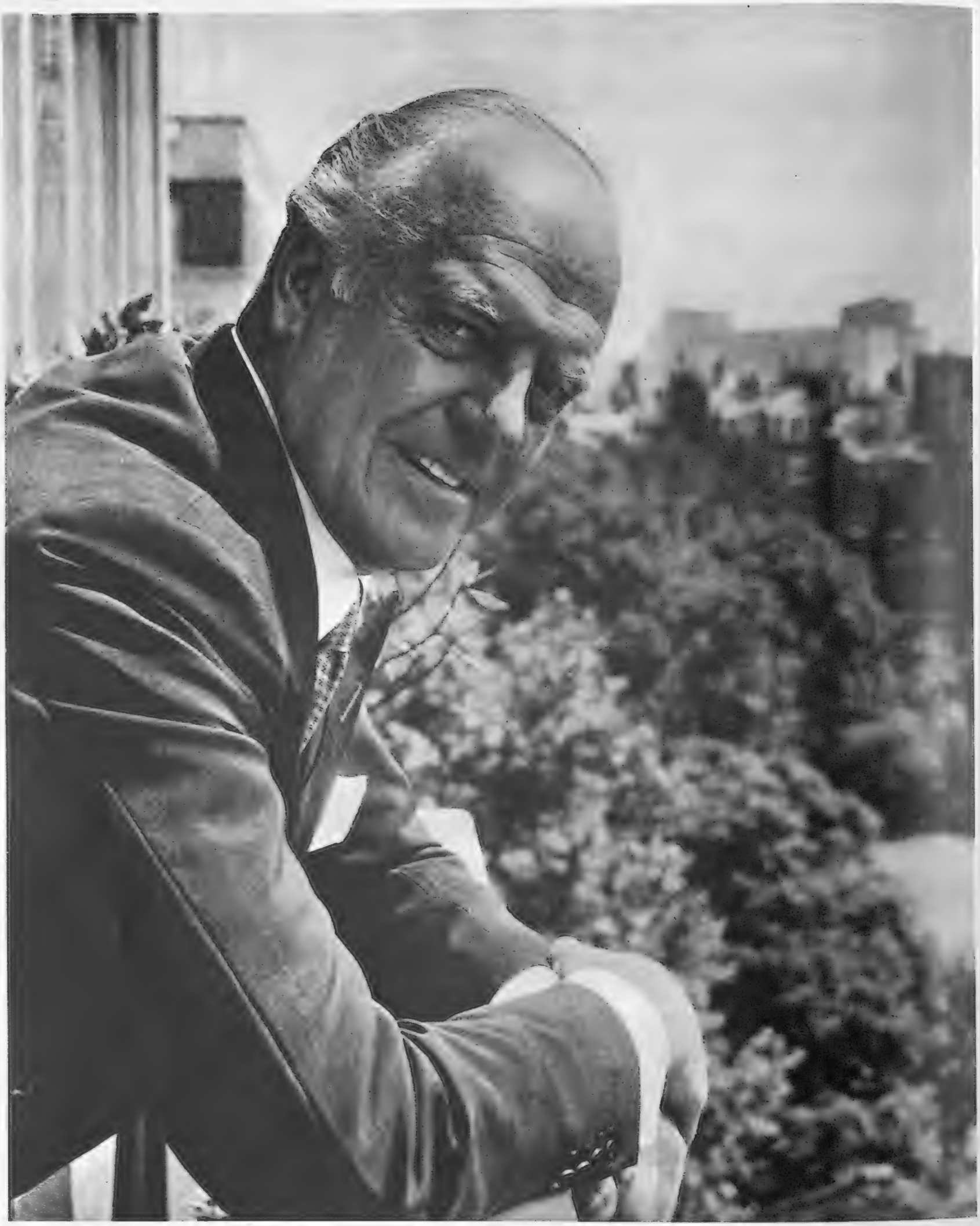
The two-week season of the Royal Opera, Stockholm, at Covent Garden opened with the company's famous production of Verdi's opera *The Masked Ball*, re-set in Sweden at the time of the assassinated Gustaf III. At the end of the performance Ragnar Ulfung as the King, Birgit Nilsson as Amelia, and Sixten Ehrling, the conductor, received a thunderous ovation. The distinctive style and magnificently integrated singing of the whole company were also heard to advantage in Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, Handel's *Alcina* and Blomdahl's modern space opera *Aniara*. The season ends to-day, September 10.

OPERA IN LONDON

at Covent Garden and the Princes Theatre

CARL ROSA: Leading artists in the season—Brychan Powell, Estelle Valery, and Stanislav Pieczora

For its four-week season at the Princes Theatre, London, ending on September 17, the Carl Rosa Opera company are performing *Faust*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *The Tales of Hoffmann*, *Rigoletto*, *La Bohème*, *Manon Lescaut* and *The Barber of Seville*, all of them sung in English. Their return to London has been made despite adversities which at one time seemed likely to cause the company to disband. The two opening productions, Gounod's *Faust* and Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, showed the gusto and vitality which has always attracted audiences. The musical director is Arthur Hammond and the conductors are Maurits Sillem and Anthony Addison.



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Arnold Innes

On a rare sunny day in London, Mr. Arnold Innes, the chairman of the Cerebos Group of Companies, leans on the balcony of his home in Kingston House, Kensington. Since he became chairman in July 1951, the Group has expanded greatly and developed a number of interests besides salt so that it is one of the largest manufacturers of foods in this country. It has twelve factories in Britain, as well as plants in Eire, Australia, France and South Africa. Mr. Innes takes particular interest in the Group's expanding export trade, making frequent journeys abroad to develop the overseas markets. William Arnold Innes was born in 1902. He joined the Board of Cerebos as a director in 1939 and was appointed deputy chairman in 1947: he has specialised in marketing and distribution. During the war he formed and managed the committee set up by agreement with the various Ministries to control the national distribution of salt. (Under this, domestic salt became the only essential food which maintained its pre-war prices, was never governed by statutory order, and was not subject to rationing). Mr. Innes has acted in an advisory capacity to various sections of the Board of Trade, Ministry of Food and Ministry of Supply. He was recently admitted to the Court of Patrons of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, is a vice-president of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and a Life Governor of the Royal Caledonian Schools. His home is in Fife, but he spends much of his time in London. His hobbies are golf, gardening and fishing

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

JARROW DREADS THE STOP-WATCH

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It was in 1879, in the heavy machine shop of a steelworks in Midvale, Pennsylvania, that a foreman called Frederick Winslow Taylor first thought of timing the rate at which different men got the same job done, and first brought a stop-watch on to the modern factory floor. It has been there ever since. The workmen whose activity he began to time did not like it; for years, in America and later in other countries, the trades unions opposed "Taylorism." But gradually, in many fields of industry, time study has become accepted as the basic method of setting rates of pay for given jobs; the union representative usually has to be there to see that the assessment of a standard timing is fair to the man concerned, but the setting of standards, as a useful technique of management, is broadly accepted. Time study men are seldom popular on the workshop floor (though "I'm All Right Jack" just *slightly* exaggerated the dislike of them. . . .) but they are taken as a necessary irritation.

I think the average *Sphere* reader, upon whom, as upon me, nobody has probably held a stop-watch since our last school sports, may understand the instinctive dislike of having one's activity timed, necessary as it may be for planning repetitive activity efficiently. There are some trades, certainly, into which it has never, for one reason or another, penetrated; and of late its gradual introduction into white-collar work in certain big modern offices has not proceeded any too smoothly. But the recent abandonment of the plans of the Pressed Steel Company to open a new press tool shop at Jarrow, through the refusal of the local officials of the Amalgamated Engineering Union to accept the stop-watch, sheds a somewhat ironic light upon the mixture of factors and motives now involved in the development of large-scale industry in Britain.

Jarrow, in the late 'thirties, became almost a symbol of what depression and unemployment could do to an industrial community; once again, when the general rate of unemployment rose somewhat in 1957-8, the name came into the news as one of those "unemployment places" that were a good deal worse off than most. Since the war, the area has been, for Jarrow, relatively prosperous; but it has hardly succeeded in attracting very much in the way of the newer "growth" industries. The Pressed Steel venture would have been as near as this, or any other area on the North-East coast, had come, for example, to securing any of the lavish titbits of industrial development that the motor industry's latest wave of expansion is distributing around the country. Much to the dismay of local councillors—who since Pressed Steel abandoned its plans have been seeking to re-open the matter—these local trade union officials have thus withdrawn the North-East coast from a development race that Merseyside has clearly won, with Scotland a rather laggard second.

Even before the Board of Trade began its latest bout of breathing down the motor industry's neck to persuade it to make cars where it wouldn't ordinarily choose to, Pressed Steel had experience of taking commercial employment to an area that had known times of depression. Immediately after the war, it leased a big factory at Linwood, near Glasgow, from the Government, and began to make railway rolling stock there. At first it supplied foreign railways, but from 1950 onwards also British Railways, to which it became by far the biggest independent supplier of steel wagons under the rail re-equipment programme. Over eight years it delivered nearly 75,000 wagons, finally reaching an output of more than 300 a week. It is still producing passenger coaches and motorised rolling stock there, plus a variety of other items such as tractor parts and components. But extension of this factory since 1957 has been planned with the company's main business, car bodies, in mind; it has already arranged to make bodies for the Swedish Volvo car there, and would also be well placed to supply the vehicle factories in Scotland to which the British Motor Corporation is committed and about which Rootes is still in process of coming to a decision. Moreover, the Company is just beginning production at a new factory in Swansea, to which it plans eventually to transfer the whole of its output of Prestcold refrigerators.

Pressed Steel goes back as far as steel car bodies do, in this country; so does its relationship with the Nuffield side of B.M.C. Lord Nuffield, then plain Mr. W. R. Morris, had visited the United States in 1925 to see the new developments there in the use of mild steel sheet, not merely as panelling over wooden frames but for all-steel bodies. One of the pioneers in the field was the Edward G. Budd Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia; as well as buying from it for £120,000 a set of body dies from which some of the bodies for the Morris Oxfords of 1926 and 1927 were made, Morris persuaded this company, with his own and J. Henry Schroeder, the London merchant bankers, to form the Pressed Steel Company in Britain, with a plant next to the Morris works at Cowley.

The new company set up a complete press shop and assembly shop for welding the bodies together, plus a "paint and trim shop"; at first with Morris as its main customer. But from the beginning it specifically retained the right to supply other customers; and eventually, in 1930, after the American firm's contribution of technicians and know-how had come largely to an end, the Morris financial interest was withdrawn, leaving the British company entirely free to supply competitors in the car industry. The original Hillman Minx was one of the first products of this independence.

To-day, Pressed Steel occupies a unique position in the motor industry, as the largest independent supplier of the largest and most expensive "component" of any car, its metal skin. In most British cars, since the war, that component has become more than a skin; unitary welded construction without a separate chassis has made the metal hull not only an outer casing but the main structure of the whole vehicle, liable to represent 35-40 per cent. of its total cost. The press shop is among the most heavily-capitalised sectors of car manufacture: the huge power presses, able to deliver a squeeze of up to 1,400 tons, are massive, costly items of fixed equipment, but these are only the start.

The cost of making the forming dies for these sheet metal parts (which are built up as hardwood patterns, from which a special kind of "profile copying" tool then machines out rough castings to the correct contours), plus jibs and fixtures to hold them in position, adds another huge element of "working capital" that has to be amortised over hundreds of thousands of bodies. Hundreds of separate dies are involved; this big investment in tooling, requiring a minimum of about 500,000 units to be made to spread the cost, is perhaps the main thing that settles how long any basic model is kept in production. In the United States, with far greater numbers of any given model produced each year, one can make major body changes every two years or so; here it probably takes five to seven years.

It may seem surprising that the motor manufacturers should be content to have so massive and dominating an element in their final product made for them by anyone else. And it is true, certainly, that since the war more of the Big Five makers have been steadily increasing their own body-building facilities. Vauxhall has always built all its own; and Ford, since it acquired Briggs Bodies, almost all its own, apart from certain specialised bodies. Rootes and later Standards have bought up some of the smaller body-building companies that were earlier supplying them; both will be adding to their own facilities in their current expansion programmes.

So will B.M.C., which already has substantial body facilities of its own and since the war has bought up Fisher and Ludlows. But B.M.C., like Rootes and Standard, has remained significantly dependent upon Pressed Steel. This independent company has often been said to be producing over 40 per cent. of all the car bodies made in Britain. Such proportions shift as output of different models builds up. But recently it was guessed that Pressed Steel may have a capacity for building some 600,000 bodies a year; and total car output this year will probably be of the order of 1,250,000. It has about 500 big power presses, probably more than a quarter of the number installed in the British motor industry.

It was dies for the tooling of these presses—which quite apart from cars and rolling stock, turn out panels for Pressed Steel's other large-scale enterprise, refrigerator manufacture (near Reading, and now at Swansea)—that would have been made in the factory Pressed Steel planned to put into operation at Jarrow. Its car body press shops, at Cowley and at Swindon, are themselves undergoing re-equipment and extension, which may bring the firm's total capacity close to 1,000,000 bodies a year. The decision about Jarrow made some sceptics in the industry ask whether it might not prove a convenience for the firm, considering recent developments in the car market, to be able to think again. Be this as it may—and in any case a major supplier to competing customers, all of whom think they are going to expand, has to reckon with the possibility that not all may succeed equally—Pressed Steel has shown no signs of trimming its commitments in other directions. Jarrow needed work, and it is the current convention that work should be taken to the workers. Its A.E.U. officials were not asked to accept conditions of work that are not accepted generally among the 19,000 people whom the company employs elsewhere. It is a disappointing reminder of the long, bitter memories that still hang about some corners of British industry—on both sides—that they should refuse them; and of the responsibility that some elements in our trade unions bear for maintaining that distrust.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE COMMERCIAL MOTOR SHOW

A special illustrated section to introduce the Exhibition at Earls Court

An important power station in Australia is at Yallourn, Victoria. It generates nearly half of the State's electricity

Inside the Port Melbourne factory of Rootes (Australia) Ltd., wher

VICTORIA UNLIMITED

Australia Unlimited is a phrase which is often heard to-day in relation to the phenomenal post-war boom in the country. Almost unlimited expansion and development certainly seems possible in Australia's second smallest State, Victoria. During the past ten years investors from overseas have poured £600,000,000 into Australian industry, and Victoria has swallowed up some £360,000,000 of this amount. In the State there are now over 200 factories which are either British owned or British associated. Victoria has played a leading part in the expansion of the country, which is changing the Australian economy from a primarily pastoral to an industrial one. So that Victoria, with Australia as a whole, can realise her full potential, still more foreign capital is needed.

The heart of Victoria's industry is Melbourne, but new centres have sprung up in cities such as Ballarat and Bendigo, which were prosperous in the gold rush days, but then suffered depression until the advent of the present boom. The State is the headquarters of the Australian motor industry, with General-Motors-Holden's Ltd. dominating the field. Last year, for the second time in succession, the Company registered a profit of around £12,000,000 (sterling). And recently they announced a £12,000,000 expansion programme which will raise their production to 150,000 vehicles a year. The Ford Motor Co. Ltd. and Volkswagen Motors Ltd. have also carried out improvements and additions to their plants in Victoria. Progress in the car industry runs parallel with others. The production of chemicals, for example, has for a long time had its hub in the State, and a start has been made on a new petrochemical project at Altona which will cost about £18,000,000. This will supply all Australian needs and produce for the export market.

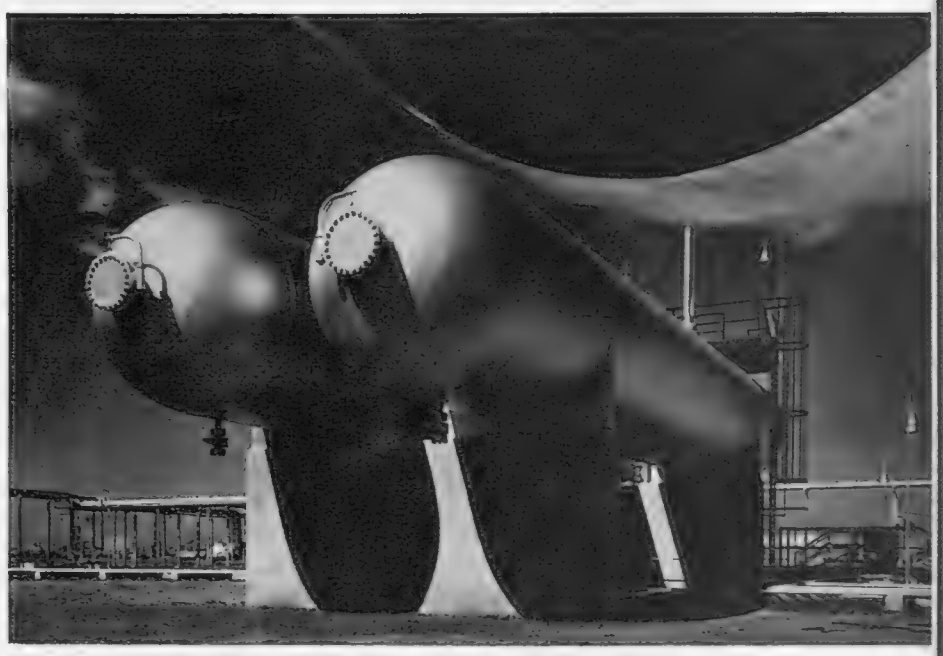
General-Motors-Holden's Ltd. 50-acre plant at Melbourne is one of the largest in the country

Although heavier types of industry are now forging ahead, primary industries still play a role in the economy of state and country. The " primaries " (such as wheat, dairy farming and sheep) account for about 11 per cent. of people employed in Victoria. General engineering and forestry are also aiding the country's advance. One of the vital factors in the industrial development of Victoria is the enormous brown coal deposit in the Latrobe Valley. It is known that 17,500,000,000 tons are deposited in the Valley—the largest continuous supply in the world. The coal is mined on the surface, and two-thirds of Victoria's electricity is derived from this source. At present the production of brown coal stands at over 13,000,000 tons a year, but this is to be increased over the next decade to nearly 30,000,000 tons annually. To meet the estimated growth in demand for electricity, both for industrial and domestic uses, new power stations are being built which will double the output. Perhaps the development of Victoria can best be judged through the advance of its capital, Melbourne. Precisely 125 years ago John Batman, the commander of a schooner, looked out over the site and remarked: " This is the spot for a village." In that first year there were 117 inhabitants in the whole of Victoria. Now there are about 3,000,000—over half of them living around Melbourne.

nsive improvements have been made recently

In the open-cut brown coal mine at Yallourn, a huge dredger is at work

Working in the headquarters of the Ford Motor Company, Geelong, Victoria



Each of the two " bullets " in the picture (made for Standard Vacuum Ltd. by Steelweld Pty. Ltd.) weighs 48 tons and is 75 ft. long. They are used for storage at Standard Vacuum's refinery at Altona, Victoria

Bogong Village, in north-eastern Victoria, is one of the two townships built by the State Electricity Commission for personnel (and their families) who are working on the Kiewa hydro-electric scheme. The village lies on the shores of a small operating reservoir

The new factory, near Melbourne, of Nicholas Pty. Ltd., makers of Aspro

Part of the plant of H. J. Heinz Pty. Ltd.

MOTORING

ANNUAL CAR INSPECTIONS

Restaurant facilities on the M1; a selection of gadgets for the car

By COURTENAY EDWARDS

It will be interesting to see how many motorists volunteer to have their cars tested when the official vehicle inspection scheme comes into limited operation next Monday. The test will not be made compulsory until the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, is satisfied there is an adequate number of authorised testing stations to serve all parts of the country. At first only vehicles ten years old or more will be required to have an annual test of their brakes, lighting and steering. Mr. Marples has stated that later on compulsory testing will be extended to all vehicles five years old or more and it is believed by road safety experts that if the testing scheme works well and appears to have an impact on the accident statistics, every vehicle will at some future date be made to pass an annual test as a condition of the issue of a road licence.

Some people who have made a study of the subject are, however, sceptical about the value of the scheme, admirable as it may seem in theory. They say the 1959 accident figures show that unsafe vehicles shared the blame for even fewer accidents than those for which drunken or drugged drivers were held responsible. It is also pointed out that last year defective vehicles of all ages, and not only the ten-year-olds, were held to have caused only 7,481 out of a total of 237,265 accidents. I don't know off-hand how many casualties were caused in those accidents, but if vehicle testing cuts the rate by even a quarter, the scheme will have justified itself admirably

It is estimated there are some 2,000,000 vehicles in use in Britain which were built ten years ago or more. That is one in four of the motor vehicle population. To test them a network of 16,000 stations is being established. They are mostly garages, which have had to install adequate test equipment, but there will also be a number set up by local authorities. These are likely to be popular among motorists who cannot help feeling—human nature being what it is—that garages may be tempted to fail a car in order to get repair work. Garage owners whom I have tackled on this point laugh at the suggestion. They find it so funny, they say, that they are not even annoyed by this slur on their integrity.

"We are much too busy as it is," they say. "We don't need to go looking for work—especially that kind of work." Motorists who have difficulty in making appointments for lubrication service, overhauls and repair work will get the point.

The opening of a cafeteria and restaurant at the M1 service area at Newport Pagnell fills an important need on this fine motorway. Soon there will be similar facilities at the other service area at Watford Gap towards the northern end of M1. When I called at the Newport Pagnell establishment the other morning I was, to be perfectly frank, a little disappointed. This important "halt," run by Motorway Services Limited (a mixture of Fortes and Blue Star Garages), did not to my mind compare very favourably with similar establishments I have used on motor roads in Italy and Germany.

Even making allowance for the fact that building work is not yet complete, the place seemed muddly and untidy, but I shall be happy to reserve final judgment until it has had time to settle down. There was no clear indication, when I called, as to which group of pumps was intended for private cars and which for diesel-engined commercial vehicles. The large car park, admirable in itself, was in a state of confusion, with cars left all over the place, pointing in many different directions. I strolled over to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee—they are not allowed to sell anything stronger, which may be just as well—and found that dozens of other motorists had the same idea. There was no clear-cut queue; just a milling crowd. I tried unsuccessfully to get service at three different points but I was pressed for time and had to leave with my thirst unquenched.

I liked the look of the cafeteria and the staff seemed efficient and pleasant, but I hope they will manage to sort things out a little. I looked in at the Grill and Griddle next door and was most impressed by the decor. The place was empty because of the time of day, but I understand they are doing good business. The prices looked right and I am looking forward to having a meal there—in spite of not being able to buy a glass of wine. The Watford Gap service area, where there will be eating facilities later this month, is run by Blue Boar (Motorways) Limited.

After a recent broadcast as a member of a panel which included Dr. James Blair, author of an excellent book on advanced motoring called *The Skilful Driver*, I went out with Blair in his Mark 9 Jaguar and was interested in the number of different gadgets he has had fitted. The one he finds most useful is a time-of-trip clock which works only when the engine is running. "It is linked up with the ignition system," Blair explained, "and I find it most useful in working out my average speed. Actually it is a great de-bunker. We all try to kid ourselves that we achieve much better average speeds than we actually do." Dr. Blair, who is assistant director of research for a big steel firm, sets the clock to zero when he starts on a journey and it adds up all his actual driving time, including the minutes he spends at traffic lights or looking for somewhere to park. But when he stops for a meal, or to call on a friend, the clock stops until he starts the engine again.

Blair has a gradient meter, a volt-meter and a compass which he says is an extremely useful navigational aid at night or on a dull day. He does not claim his altimeter to be quite so useful; but says he likes to be able to check his height above sea-level, especially in fog. The altimeter is calibrated in tens of feet up to 14,000, though Blair admits he is never likely to do much motoring at that height. I have used vacuum gauges myself, but I had never before seen one calibrated in miles per gallon. "It only gives a rough idea of your fuel consumption rate," said Dr. Blair, "but it is accurate enough to show if you are driving economically or otherwise: with a heavy foot or a more delicate touch. It works off a vacuum pipe attached to the inlet manifold."

Then there is the gadget on the dashboard which tells Blair exactly how much oil he has in the sump. The secret is a hollow dipstick, linked to a device which measures the air pressure needed to blow the oil out of the hollow dipstick. He has a three-way switch for his starting carburettor: off, automatic and on. "It 's useful if the engine develops a tendency to stall," Blair explained. "You lose the benefit of your power-assisted steering and braking when the engine stalls," he explained.

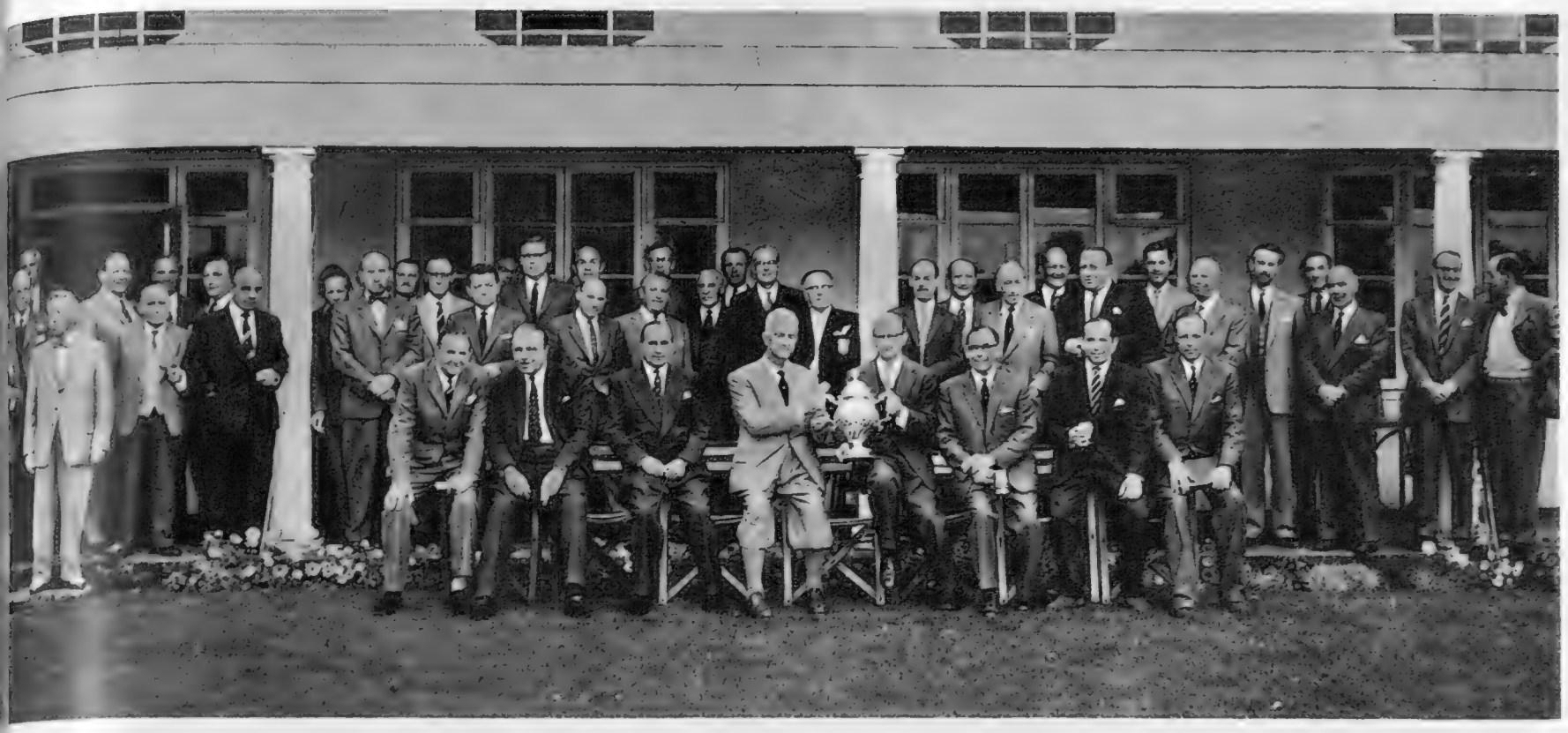
Dr. Blair, who has been motoring for thirty-seven years, said: "I like gadgets. They add to the fun of motoring." He has invented his own anti-thief device. If any unauthorised person tries to start his car the horn sounds and the ignition is automatically cut out.

Briefly. . . The famous old Coventry firm of Lea-Francis, formed fifty-seven years ago, is returning to car production after six years with a saloon which will be at the Motor Show. . . . With a reduction of ½d. a gallon on premium petrol in Britain prices are now the lowest since new top grades were introduced in July 1956. . . .

Smiths Motor Accessories announce a new rear-screen demister costing £4 15s. An electric motor, fitting neatly under the rear parcel shelf, blows air on to the glass. . . . "Many happy returns" to the front-wheel-drive 850-c.c. Austin Seven and Morris Mini-Minor, which were first announced twelve months ago. . . . The Minister of Transport has authorised an additional 810 parking meters for Westminster and 770 for St. Marylebone. . . . Vauxhalls have announced a new range of Bedford commercial vehicles—trucks, tippers and tractor-units of between 4 and 12 tons—with the engine (diesel or petrol) in a separate compartment behind the cab, which has room for three big men. . . .

The latest version of the two-seater Austin Metropolitan has been fitted with a boot-lid. In previous models luggage was loaded into the boot from inside the car after hinging forward the back-rest of the rear seat

Richard Collinson-Cooper, aged thirteen, of Laramie, Wyoming, in the U.S., is with the 1931 8-litre Bentley left him by his father, the late Lieut.-Colonel E. F. Collinson-Cooper. The car, which once lapped Brooklands at 138 m.p.h., is being overhauled at the Jack Barclay Service Station in London



The Chairman and Directors of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. with their guests outside the clubhouse at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club

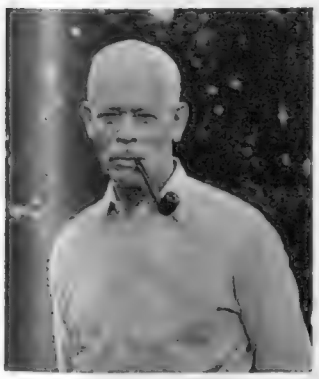
GOLF TOURNAMENT

The annual competition for "The Sphere" Cup

Mr. W. Softly and Mr. P. Broom

Mr. Charles Snelling, C.B.E., presents the cup to Mr. Broom

Mr. R. E. Bett, Mr. J. H. Tilbury and Mr. A. W. Webb



Sir Graham Hayman

Mr. R. Hale and Mr. G. Ellis

On Friday of last week, many prominent figures in the advertising and business worlds were among the guests at the Illustrated Newspapers' annual invitation golf meeting held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. The main event was the 18 holes medal competition, played under handicap, for *The Sphere* Challenge Cup. This was won by Mr. Peter Broom with a net score of 70; the runner-up was Mr. G. W. Pangbourne with a score of 71. Later in the day many of the guests took part in other competitions which have now become prominent features of the thirty-four-year-old meeting. The winners of the Bogey Foursomes were Messrs. J. Tilbury and A. Webb, who had a score of 2 down, and they were followed by D. J. Hayman and N. Royds, who finished with a score of 3 down. The putting prize was won by Mr. A. Pemberton, and the winner of the best score under handicap over nine secret holes was Mr. A. Webb. An innovation this year was a competition held on the 11th green. It was a "nearest the hole" competition and the winner was Mr. D. C. Banks, whose drive landed 6 ft. 2 ins. from the hole. All the prizes were presented by Mr. Charles Snelling, the Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., and a speech of thanks was made on behalf of the guests by Mr. L. M. Masius.

Mr. D. J. Hayman (left) and Mr. N. Royds receive their prizes

Mr. I. J. Penrice and Mr. J. A. Carney-Smith

AN UNREMARKABLE SEASON

(*Continued from page 387*)

and rules codified by the M.C.C. and any other judiciary known to cricket.

The South Africans had to bat in moist " seamy " weather against the incomparable Statham and the persistently battling Trueman. With a collective technical strength not greater than, say, Hampshire's, they could not, except by aid of continuous luck on their side, hope to hold their own with England's chosen. The sorry truth is that against this gallant band of South Africans, English cricket battled most days unsmilingly and ungraciously.

The anti-climax at the Oval in the fifth Test was quite disillusioning and much to the discredit of certain English batsmen, whom I haven't the heart to name. Imagine—your side has the rubber in its pocket against an admittedly weak if not downcast opposition: in your second innings a first-wicket stand of 290 puts your side ahead on the closing day of the match; and you and one or two of your colleagues then proceed to score 11 in an hour and a half, or 16 in an hour, with a grand total of 58 in the fifth day's opening two hours.

Cowdrey is bowled for 11 by Adcock in the first innings of the fifth Test

The Tests v. South Africa exposed England's dependence on two bowlers; both in some measure themselves dependent on a new ball or on a damp, " green " wicket. Until Cowdrey and Pullar made a superb and long stand for the first wicket at the Oval, no English batsman had achieved an individual century in the Tests, against an attack resting heavily on the often brilliant fast bowling of Adcock. Watching the England team in these latest so-called Test Matches, and thinking at the same time of the Australians due here next year, the old saying of the Duke of Wellington came to mind yet again: " I don't know what effect these troops are likely to have on the enemy, but, by God, they frighten me!"

I don't propose in this review to touch more than briefly on the " throwing controversy " as it is likely to affect the Australian Meckiff. The meeting at Lord's in July of all of cricket's wiseacres and lawmakers left to the umpires the freedom to define a fresh wording of the law in their own ways. Critics and other onlookers can do nothing more helpful in this issue than to keep quiet. Cricketers have a way of settling such matters among themselves. There need be no " catastrophe " to cricket next summer, even if Meckiff should be unanimously " called." If he is as unlucky as Griffin has been, let him, like Griffin, grin and bear it. Besides, the Australian attack in 1961 will, I think, be strong enough without aid from Meckiff.

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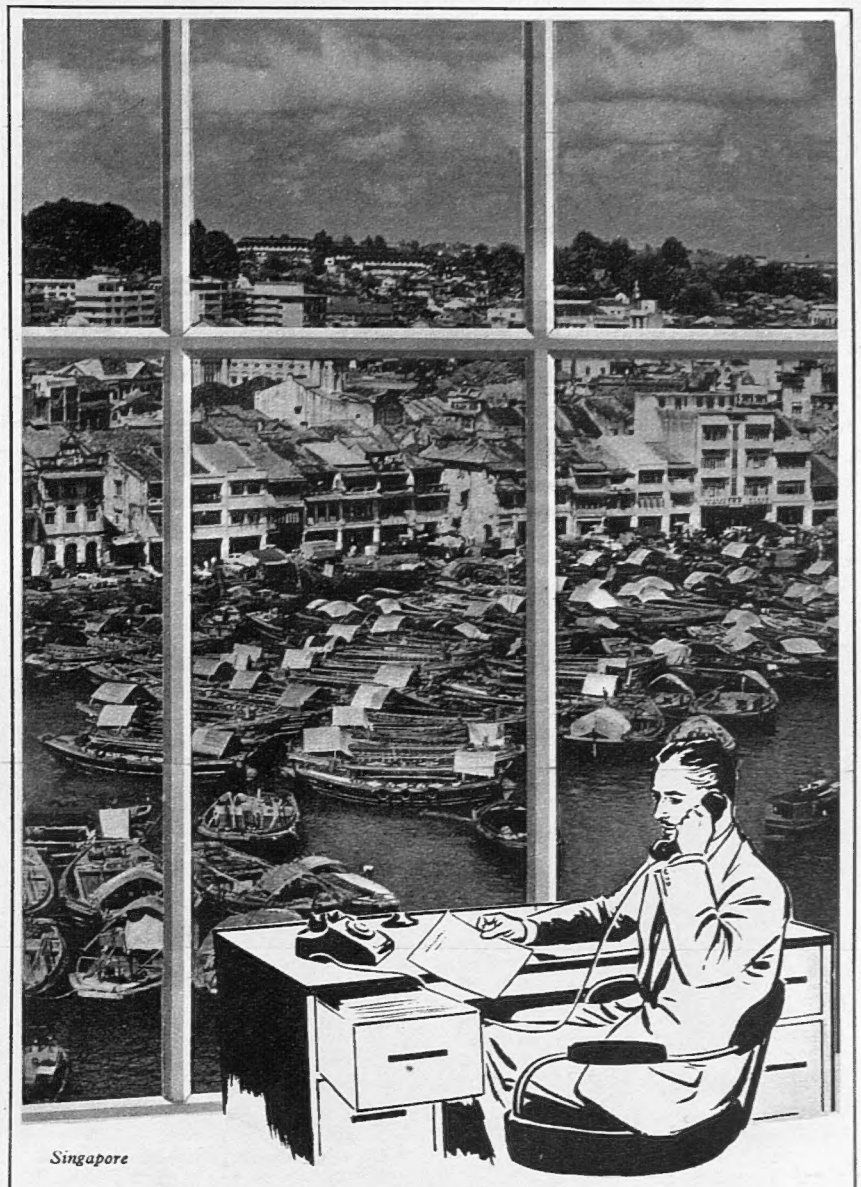

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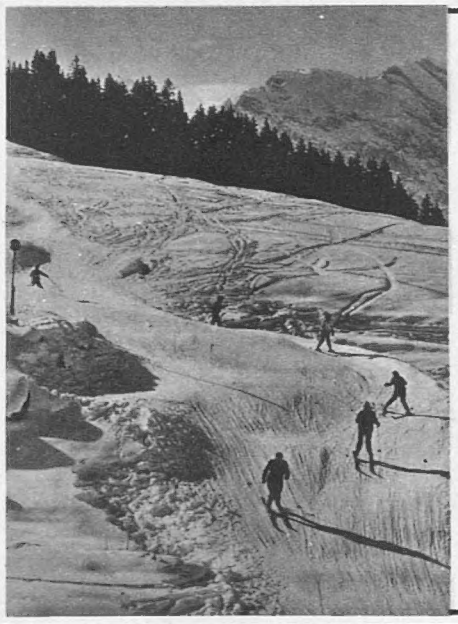

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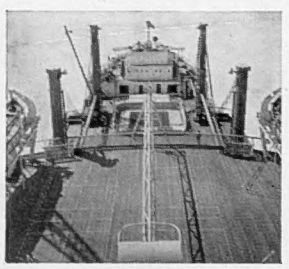

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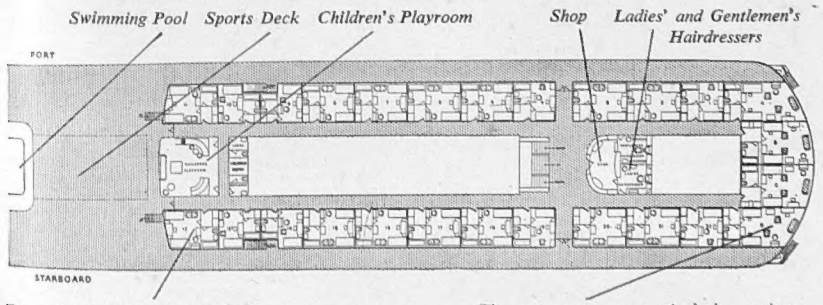

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